PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

THIRD BOOK

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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Lucretia Ann McNeff,
Dec 19th. 1908.
Tinnewell. Ill.
age 9 years old.

THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

THIRD BOOK

STORIES — STUDIES — RHYMES — RIDDLES

BY

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AND

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NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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E-P 8

PREFACE.

THIS, the third book of The Progressive Course in Reading, is something more than a Book of Selections which pupils may read, — it is a Text-book in Reading. In preparing and arranging its lessons, the *present* and the *future* needs of the pupil have been considered.

The pupil's *present* needs demand:

I. Graded lessons which interest him, and thus encourage reading.

II. Lessons whose perusal will increase his fund of information.

GRADATION is provided for by introducing only a *few new* words in each lesson, and by employing the most simple and direct styles of composition. Attention is invited to the fact that the *new* words (such as have not been used in previous lessons of this series) are registered at the head of each lesson. The convenience and utility of this arrangement will be appreciated by all practical teachers.

Many of the lessons — notably those on Animals, Nature Study, Geography, and History — have well-defined lines of *information* running through them. Their mastery will leave the pupil with the consciousness that he has acquired knowledge as well as facility in reading.

The pupil's *future* needs require:

I. Such instruction as will render him *self-helpful.*

II. Such matter as will awaken and cultivate his taste, and also prepare him for his future studies.

All English dictionaries, and other books that aim to relate the printed symbol to the spoken word, *syllabify* words and employ *diacritical* marks to indicate their pronunciation. This text-book has employed these same devices in the belief that they will assist the pupil in acquiring a vocabulary, and also equip him for consulting intelligently books of reference.

A glance at the Table of Contents will disclose the fact that this book contains a much *greater variety of matter* than any other reader of its grade. Furthermore, it will appear that this matter is so arranged that *continuity of thought* is provided for.

Other Third Readers contain series of lessons that are wholly unrelated in either thought or treatment. As a consequence, the pupil using them does not have his attention directed in any channel long enough to make a lasting impression.

Not so in this Reader. The pupil begins his work by reading "Stories about Animals," and the next forty pages are devoted to lessons of that character. When he begins to read Fables, he finds fifteen consecutive pages given up to that style of composition. And so, throughout the book, each topic treated occupies a space of from ten to forty pages. It is confidently believed that this radical departure in the method of arranging material will be welcomed by both teachers and pupils.

Many of the lessons of this book have been drawn from authors whose writings are distinguished for their literary and ethical value. The pupil is introduced to Æsop, the Grimms, Andersen, George MacDonald, and others whose writings are of enduring merit, and are the delight of young and old.

Historical and Geographical lessons occupy forty pages, and about the same space is given up to Nature Studies. These lessons will give the pupil information on important subjects, and equip him with a vocabulary which will enable him to read with profit a text-book on Geography. Many teachers have lamented the inadequate preparation which the average pupil has made for studying and reading Geography; a mere glance at the matter which the pupil has previously read will account for the difficulty. While lessons conveying geographical information are practically unknown in other school readers of this grade, it has been thought judicious to devote considerable space in this book to this line of work.

Recent American text-books are considered models of mechanical, typographical, and artistic skill. In these particulars also it is hoped that this little volume will not suffer in comparison with the latest and the best of its competitors; certain it is that the publishers have spared no expense in securing the best work attainable.

Many teachers have furnished valuable suggestions as to the arrangement and scope of this book; many writers and publishers have generously conceded the privilege of using their standard copyright material in its pages. To all these, the authors extend their sincere and cordial acknowledgments.

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INTRODUCTION TO READING.

The mere calling of printed words is not reading. It is only when the reader *gets the thought* which words convey that he *reads*. We often think without making our thoughts known to others by speaking, and so we often read a page without speaking the words. Getting the thought without expressing it, is *silent* reading. Getting the thought and expressing it so that others may understand it, is *oral* reading.

A reader cannot properly express a thought which he does not have in his own mind, so a good *oral* reader must first be a good *silent* reader. There are many persons who cannot read, and yet they can think and talk. All the books and papers, with their true and beautiful stories, mean nothing to them, because they have not learned the printed forms of words.

Printed words are the signs of spoken words. In our language there are many thousands of spoken words, and just the same number of written ones. In writing all these words, twenty-six letters are used. Letters represent the elementary sounds which make up all spoken words. For example: The word *me* has two letters and two sounds; *chase* has five letters and three sounds; *ox* has two letters and three sounds.

Now it happens that there are some forty-five elementary sounds used in our language. As we have only twenty-six letters, some of them must represent more than one sound, — this is why it is so difficult to learn to read and spell our language.

On the next two pages will be found a Key to Pronunciation. This key should be mastered so that you can readily utter each elementary sound which it represents. Also, on hearing an elementary sound, you should be able to tell its sign.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

TABLE OF VOCALS.

NAMES OF SOUNDS	INDICATED BY	NAMES OF SOUNDS	INDICATED BY
Long a, ... *as in* ate,	ā	Long i, . . . *as in* ice,	ī
Italian a, . . . " " arm,	ä	Short i, . . . " " it,	ĭ
Broad a, . . . " " all,	a̤	Long o, . . . " " old,	ō
Short a, . . . " " at,	ă	Short o, . . . " " on,	ŏ
Flat a, ... " " air,	â	Long oo, . . " " boot,	o͞o
Short Italian a, " " ask,	å	Short oo, . . " " foot,	o͘o
Long e, ... " " eat,	ē	Long u, . . . " " use,	ū
Short e, ... " " end,	ĕ	Short u, . . . " " up,	ŭ
Tilde e, ... " " earn,	ẽ	Circumflex u, " " urge,	û

Diphthong oi, *as in* oil, unmarked.
Diphthong ou, " " our, "

EQUIVALENTS OF VOCALS.

	INDICATED BY		INDICATED BY
a, *like* ŏ, *as in* what, . .	a̤	o, *like* a̤, *as in* or, . . .	ô
a, " ẽ, " " liar, . . .	ã	o, " ẽ, " " sailor, .	õ
e, " â, " " where, .	ê	u, " o͞o, " " rule, . .	ṳ
e, " ā, " " they, . .	e̤	u, " o͘o, " " full, . .	u̇
i, " ẽ, " " girl, . .	ĩ	y, " ī, " " my, . .	ȳ
o, " ŭ, " " son, . . .	ȯ	y, " ĭ, " " hymn, .	y̆
o, " o͞o, " " do, . . .	o̤	oy, *as in* boy = sound of oi.	
o, " o͘o, " " wolf, . .	o̤	ow, " " owl = " " ou.	

The modified long vowel sounds, occurring in unaccented syllables, are indicated by the *modified macron* (ɪ), as in Sŭn′dɪ̇y, ė̇ vĕnt′, ĭ dē′ȧ, ȯ be̤y′, ů nīte′, hy̆ ē′nȧ.

TABLE OF SUBVOCALS.

b *as in* bat, . .	unmarked	ng *as in* sing, . .	unmarked
d " " dig, . .	"	r " " rat, . .	"
g " " go, . . .	"	v " " very, .	"
j " " jug, . .	"	w " " we, . .	"
l " " lip, . . .	"	y " " yet, . .	"
m " " man, . .	"	z " " zone, .	"
n " " not, . .	"	zh " " azure, .	"

th *as in* the, marked th.

TABLE OF ASPIRATES.

f *as in* fan, . . .	unmarked	t *as in* tin, . .	unmarked
h " " hat, . . .	"	th " " thin, .	"
k " " kind, . .	"	sh " " she, . .	"
p " " pin, . . .	"	ch " " child, .	"
s " " sit, . . .	"	wh " " when, .	"

EQUIVALENTS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

	INDICATED BY		INDICATED BY
c, *like* s, *as in* nice, . .	ç	n, *like* ng, *as in* think, . .	n̲
c, " k, " " cat, . .	e	s, " z, " " has, . . .	s̲
ch, " sh, " " chaise, .	çh	g, " j, " " age, . . .	g̲
ch, " k, " " school, .	e*h*	x, " gz, " " exist, . .	x̲

ph, *like* f, *as in* Ralph, unmarked.
qu, " kw, " " quite, "
x, " ks, " " box, "

In the Word Exercises of this book, *italics* are used to indicate *silent* letters.

EXERCISES IN SOUNDS AND SYMBOLS.

1. Give the sounds of ā, ä, ạ, ă, ȧ; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

2. Give the sounds of ē, ĕ, ẽ; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

3. Give the sounds of ī, ĭ, ō, ŏ; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

4. Give the sounds of o͞o, o͝o; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

5. Give the sounds of ū, ŭ, û; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

6. Give the sounds of oi, ou; select and copy words in which each of these sounds is used.

7. Refer to the Table of Subvocals, and give the sound of each. Copy other words in which each subvocal is used.

8. Refer to the Table of Aspirates, and give the sound of each. Select and copy words in which each aspirate is used.

9. Write the letters that are *vowels*. Write the letters that are *consonants*.

10. Copy words that contain the sound of ạ and of ă.

11. Copy words that contain the sound of o͝o and of u͝.

12. Copy words that contain the sound of o͝o and of u͝.

13. Select and copy words in which the sounds of ī and ĭ are represented by another letter.

14. Select and copy words in which the sounds of oi and of ou are represented by other letters.

15. Select and copy words that contain each of the Subvocal and Aspirate equivalents, as shown in the Table.

NOTE TO TEACHERS. — Make each of the exercises suggested above the subject of a drill, and have them taken up, from time to time, in connection with the pupils' regular lessons in reading. Many teachers find it desirable to use the blackboard in these phonic exercises. A few minutes devoted to this sort of work each day will prove of great advantage to the pupils; it will cultivate their vocal organs, and thus secure better tones and better enunciation. Phonic exercises are valuable for both individual and concert drill.

PRINCIPLES OF READING.

The main purposes of learning to read are to secure power of **correct interpretation** and **perfect oral expression.**

In order that *oral expression* may be effective, attention must be given to **pronunciation, inflection,** and **emphasis.**

Pronunciation.

Pronunciation is the act of giving words their proper sound and accent.

Accent is a more forcible utterance of some syllable of a word than is given to others. It is marked (′), as *quar′rel ing, mis for′tunė, de vour′.*

Change of accent often entirely changes the meaning of a word, as: He *objects′* to the *ob′jects* being there. I *refuse′* to accept the *ref′use.*

Write the following words, dividing them into syllables, and marking the accented syllables: *visitor, protector, banisters, mischievous, unusually, understand, extinguishes, particles, exception, occupy, California, difference.*

Inflection.

Inflection is a slide of the voice upward or downward, in reading or speaking. The upward slide of the voice is called the **rising inflection;** the downward slide is called the **falling inflection.**

No infallible rule can be given for inflections. A thorough interpretation of what is to be read, perfect familiarity with all the words used, and full sympathy with the spirit of what is to be read, prove a better and safer guide than formal rules, however carefully stated.

In a general way, it may be safely stated that the language of *uncertainty, timidity,* or *direct inquiry* usually inclines to the **rising inflection**; that of *positive statement, assurance, authority,* and the like, inclines, naturally, to the **falling inflection.**

Emphasis.

Emphasis is usually a more forcible utterance of a word or words of a sentence than is given to the others. Its purpose is to make clear the meaning of the sentence.

What is **specially important** and that which is **new** are to be emphasized.

Tell why the words in italics are emphatic, in the following:

Horses are our best *helpers.* They are *beautiful, gentle,* and *obedient.* They are gentle and obedient because their *masters* are *kind* to them. "Like *master,* like *horse,*" is an *old* saying and a *true* one.

Colts are just as fond of *play* as *boys* and *girls,* and *some* of them are just as full of *fun* and *mischief.* — (From Lesson IV, page 22.)

Sometimes a thought is rendered emphatic by dwelling longer on the words which express it, than upon other words, as:

But the *dear little* **chaps**
With their *glossy black* **caps**
In the **morning** creep softly away.
(From Lesson XII, page 49.)

Sometimes emphasis is best expressed by a pause before or after the word, as:

Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing.
(From Lesson XXII, page 68.)

There are other ways of expressing emphasis, but whatever device may be used, the purpose is to call attention to the importance of the words emphasized, as compared with others.

Grouping.

Sentences are made up of parts. For the purposes of reading, these parts may be called **groups** or **phrases**. Examine the following sentences:

Books have been written about dogs, and the wonderful things they have done. They run errands, and care for sheep and cattle. They rescue travelers who have been lost in the snow, and do no end of strange things. — (From Lesson I, page 15.)

Study these three sentences, and see how the words, in certain parts of them, are more closely connected than they are to the other words.

In the first sentence we have three phrases or groups, thus: **Books have been written about dogs and the wonderful things they have done.**

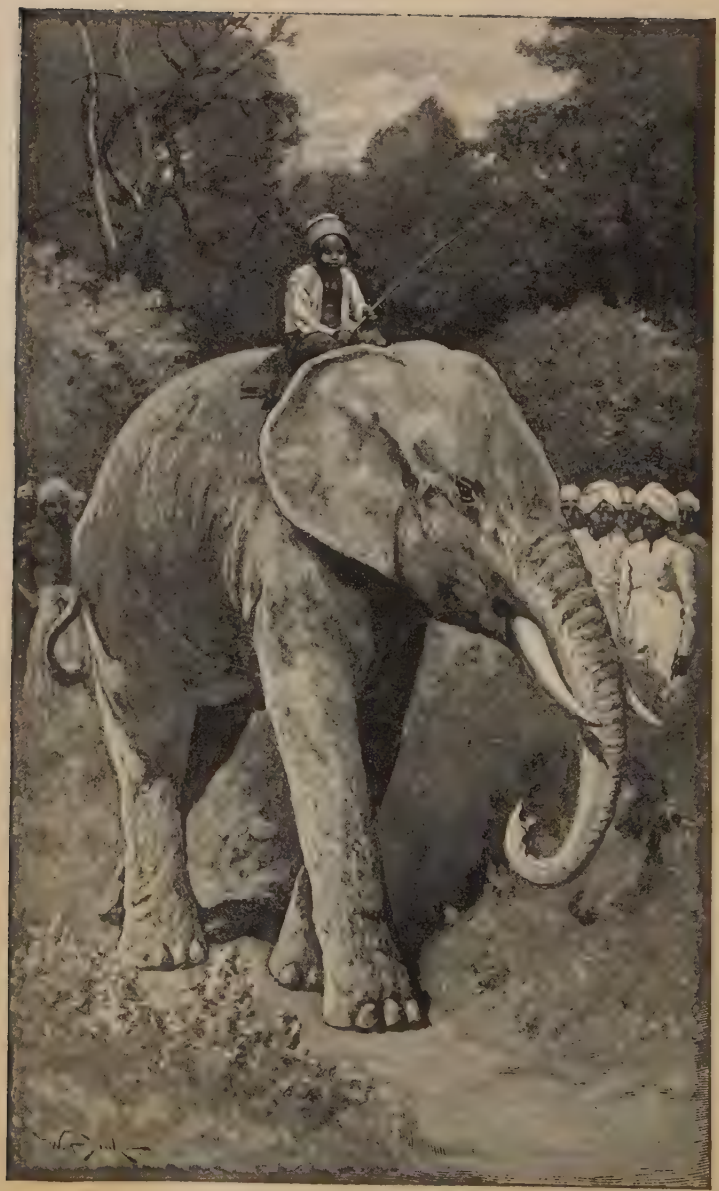
In the second sentence there are only two groups, thus: **They run errands, and care for sheep and cattle.**

In the third sentence there are four groups, thus: **They rescue travelers who have been lost in the snow, and do no end of strange things.**

In reading sentences, there should always be a longer pause between the groups, than between the words in the group.

Punctuation marks, such as the comma (,) and the semicolon (;), serve to show the grammatical construction of the sentence, but they do not at all correctly tell where pauses are to be made in reading, nor do they tell the length of the pauses.

In the sentence, "The elephant, too, has been taught to do many wonderful things," the grouping in reading is: **The elephant, too, has been taught to do many wonderful things.**



THIRD BOOK.

SHORT STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

hạlt	rāġed	hē′rŏ	bleed′ĭng
stīr	hûrled	mŏd′ĕl	ĕl′ĕ phant
fī*gh*t	spē*a*rṣ	drīv′ẽr	trăv′ĕl ẽrṣ
mīleṣ	pi*ē*rçed(t)	hĕlp′ẽr	dĭ rĕet′ĕd

I. TRUSTY HELPERS.

I.

Man has many good helpers among the animals, but there are only two that can be trusted to do their work alone. These two are the dog and the elephant.

Books have been written about dogs and the wonderful things they have done. They run errands, and care for sheep and cattle. They rescue travelers who have been lost in the snow, and do no end of strange things.

The elephant, too, has been taught to do many wonderful things. Like the dog, he can be trusted to do his work alone.

The elephant is so strong that he can carry heavy loads. He is so gentle that little children have been left in his care. He is so trusty and faithful as to be a model for all.

II.

Sometimes elephants have been used in battles. There is a beautiful story about one that was in a battle in India. He carried the flag and so was in the thick of the fight.

Soon after the fight began, the old elephant lost his driver. The word to halt had just been given when the driver was killed.

The faithful animal stood still while the battle raged about him. He would not stir without the word of his driver. There he stood like a rock, while the flag waved above him.

Sharp spears were hurled at him. His sides were pierced, and his long ears were bleeding, but still he would not move.

When the battle was over, there he stood. They tried to lead him away, but he would not stir. For three days and nights he stood where the word to halt had been given.

At last the driver's little son was brought from miles away. The old elephant showed

very plainly that he was glad to see him. When at home the little fellow had often taken his father's place and directed him in his work.

And now the old hero lifted up the boy gently, placed him on his back, and at his word moved slowly away.

---

threw mĭm'ĭes pĕd'dlĕr pụt'tĭng
mĭm'ĭcked(t) răs'cals mȯn'kẹy̆s chăt'tĕr ĭng

II. THE PEDDLER AND THE MONKEYS.

Once a peddler was carrying his pack through a forest in South America. The day was warm and the way was long.

By and by he grew tired, and sat down to rest under the shade of a tree. He opened his pack and took out some caps. Putting on one of them, he soon fell asleep.

When the peddler awoke, his caps were all gone. He began to look about for them.

Hearing a chattering among the branches of the tree, he looked up. There he saw a number of monkeys, and, strange as it may seem, some of them had red caps on.

As you know, monkeys are great mimics.

They had seen the peddler put on a red cap, so they must do the same thing. They came down the tree, slyly picked up the caps, and away they ran.

The peddler called on the monkeys to bring back his caps. The more he called, the louder they chattered.

The poor man began to think that his caps were lost for good. How could he get the little rascals to bring them back? He tried many plans, but all in vain.

At last he pulled off his own cap and threw it on the ground. "Here," he cried, "if you little rascals will keep all the rest, you may have this one, too!"

No sooner had he done this, than the monkeys mimicked him. Each pulled the cap from his head and threw it on the ground. Then the peddler gathered them all up and went on his way.

WORD STUDY.

lĭft'ĕd	pu̲lled	kĭssed (t)	hĕlped (t)
wa̲nt'ĕd	plā*y*ed	jŭmped	lo͝oked
stärt'ĕd	ō'pened	bärked	dânçed
twĭst'ĕd	e*o*v'ĕred	drĕssed	scrăt*c*hed

How many different sounds are represented by *ed* in above columns?

Pronounce the words, giving the sounds of *ed* distinctly.

€ā′tō	thŭmp	ā′ble	€ā nā′rў
Dī′dō	pụshed (t)	nā′tūre	mĕr′rĭ ĕst
Rōme	down′ў	prō vīdeṣ′	ȧft′ĕr wārdṣ
worse	found′ĕd	hĕlp′lĕss	prăe′tĭçed (t)
pĕrch	fā′moŭs	prō tĕet′ōrṣ	pĕr′fĕet

III. A FAMOUS SINGER.

I.

If you have ever seen very young animals, you must have noticed how helpless they are. Indeed, if they were not well cared for, the most of them would soon die.

But nature is a kind mother. She provides protectors for young animals, until such time as they are able to care for themselves. Even when these protectors fail, sometimes others feed and care for the young and helpless.

There is an old story about the man who founded the city of Rome. It is said that he and his baby brother were lost in a forest. As the story goes, an old wolf found them, and she fed and protected them until they grew up.

This old story may not be true, but here is one about a little bird that is true. Cato

and Dido were canary birds. Both were very pretty, and Cato was a famous singer.

One day a little round basket and some bits of cloth were put into their cage. They seemed to know just what they were for. The birds began work at once. In a few days there was as snug a little nest in the basket as you could wish to see.

II.

One morning Dido sat on the nest a long time. When she hopped off we saw a tiny egg. The next day there was another egg. Then she began to sit all the time, and in a week there was another egg in the nest.

Day after day she sat on the three tiny eggs while Cato sang his merriest songs. By and by there was one downy little thing in the nest. The next day there was another.

What greedy little fellows they were! Cato and Dido were kept busy feeding and caring for them. And about a week afterwards, a little brother peeped out of his shell and asked for some breakfast.

Very soon the older birds were able to sit on the perch and play about the cage. The

youngest one was still a helpless little thing that had never been out of the nest.

At last the little fellow tumbled out of the nest and came down with a thump! Just how it happened was never known — the old birds may have pushed him out — but there he lay on the floor.

Poor little thing! His coat was thin, his legs were weak, and he could not feed himself. What was worse, the old birds were so busy that they gave him nothing to eat.

In a little while his sisters were heard chattering to each other; perhaps they were talking about their helpless little brother. Be that as it may, they began to feed him.

Day after day they cared for him, until he was able to fly about. Then the little fellow began to sing. He practiced every day; and practice made him as perfect a singer as ever the famous Cato had been.

PHONIC EQUIVALENTS.

The sounds represented by ãr, ẽr, ĩr, and õr are similar, and the letters are called *equivalents*.

hẽrd	fĩrst	dõe′tõr	dõl′lãr
tẽrm	thĩrst	sāı̇l′õr	çẽl′lãr
drĩv′ẽr	dĩrt′ў	vĩs̨′ĩt õr	ôr′chãrd
hẽlp′ẽr	çĩr′ele	prõ tẽet′õr	åft′ẽr wãrd

bärṣ	skĭll	rĭd′*d*en	Jūl′ĭ ĕt
gāt*e*	pŭmp	drĭv′*e*n	quī′ĕt lў
c*o*̄lts	străp	ŭn *k*nō*w*n′	ĭn′tēr ĕst
staḷl	prăṇks	ŭn tī*e*′	ō̆ bē′dĭ ent
stā′bl*e*	hăn′dl*e*	haḷ′tēr	ĭn tĕl′lĭ ġent

IV. ABOUT HORSES.

I.

There is no end to the stories that have been told about horses. These stories are of interest because they show how intelligent some horses are.

Did you ever think in how many ways horses are useful to us? It might be a good plan to write down all the useful things that you have seen horses doing.

Horses are our best helpers. They are beautiful, gentle, and obedient. They are gentle and obedient because their masters are kind to them. "Like master, like horse," is an old saying and a true one.

Colts are just as fond of play as boys and girls, and some of them are just as full of fun and mischief. Once a farmer had a fine young horse called Juliet.

Juliet was as black as coal, but for a white

star in her face. She was a beautiful animal that could be ridden or driven anywhere.

But still Juliet had a way of getting into mischief. Sometimes she would untie her halter strap, and help herself to anything she could find in the stable.

One night she opened the stable door,— it was fastened with a hook. Then she went to the gate, pulled out the pin that held it, and away she went with the three colts.

When they came to the bars that led into the oat field, Juliet let them down with her teeth, and they all went in and helped themselves. The next morning the three colts were found there, but Juliet was in her stall in the stable.

II.

On another night the farmer heard a strange noise at the barn. Horse thieves were not unknown, so he armed himself and went out quietly.

Much to his surprise, he found Juliet and the three colts standing near the pump. Juliet had the handle in her mouth and was trying to pump some water. The above are some of Juliet's many pranks.

Horses are now found in many parts of the world, but it seems that they were first known in Asia. Arabia has been famous for its beautiful horses for thousands of years.

But now no country has finer horses than our own. On the plains, the Indians have great herds of them, and they are famous for their skill in riding.

When the first white settlers came to America they found no horses here. At that time when the Indians traveled about, they had to go on foot or in a boat. So it seems that the white man furnished the Indians guns to shoot with, and horses on which to ride.

năp	sĭt′tĭng	eûrl′y̆	co͝ok′ĭe̱s̱
blīnḏs̱	tĭp′pĭng	twĭst′ĕd	dō*ugh*′nŭt
blŏcks	tŭg′gĭng	eŭd′dled	drĕ*a*d′fu̱l
tō*a*ḏs̱	trĭpped(t)	ăt′tĭe	hĕ*a*d′ā*ehe*
chĕst	wăgged	măt′tĕr	rē′al lў

V. TWISTER AND WILLIE.

I.

Twister and Willie were great friends. Willie was four years old, and had light, curly hair. Twister was four years old, too, but his hair did not curl, — it was very straight indeed.

When Willie was a baby, Twister was a pup, with a funny little tail that twisted up over his back just like a doughnut. That was why they called him Twister. Willie thought it a beautiful name.

The little boy and the little dog played together all day long. If Willie went for a walk, Twister went too. If Willie had some lunch, Twister had some, of course.

Even when his little master had his nap, Twister took his nap on the foot of the bed. Mamma liked to have Twister with Willie, for then she felt that her little boy would be safe.

I am going to tell you now what happened one day, and how Twister really did take care of Willie.

It was a warm afternoon in June. Papa was at the store, and mamma had a headache. It was so bad, she had to lie down in her room, and have all the blinds closed.

Willie was very sorry for her. He thought it must be hard to be shut up in a dark room on so beautiful a day. "We must be very quiet and not wake her up, mustn't we, Twister?" Then they went into the kitchen.

Katie, the cook, was in the kitchen making cookies. She told Willie she would give one to him and one to Twister when they were done.

II.

At first they played horse in the garden. Twister was the horse and Willie was the driver; but, in a little while, the driver tripped over a stone and fell down, scratching his fat little knee.

"I'm not a very good driver," said he to Twister. "I don't think we'll play horse any more. Let us go and play blocks." Twister was willing. He always wanted to do as Willie said, so they went into the sitting room.

When they reached the sitting room, Willie got out his blocks and made a church and a chicken house. Twister did not help much, but sat up on the floor as straight as he could. He thought his master was a smart boy to make a church.

But Willie grew tired of the blocks in a little while, and did not know what to do next. All at once he remembered the big brown toad and the two baby toads he and Twister had found in the garden.

"Oh, Twister!" he said, jumping up, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go up into the attic and get the bird cage that poor Dicky used to live in. We'll bring it down and put the toads in it, and then we'll feed them. What fun it will be!"

Up he started, tipping over the church and hen house in his hurry. Of course, Twister thought it would be fine to catch toads, so he ran after Willie.

III.

Upstairs they crept, going very softly by mamma's door, and then up the stairs, into the large dusty attic. There was the cage, over in the corner by the window.

Willie went over to get it, and saw, close beside it, a long box made of wood. It was the longest box he had ever seen, and the cover was up. He looked into it, and Twister stood up on his hind legs and looked in, too.

In the box Willie saw his own little red coat and hood that he wore the winter before. There were some of his baby dresses too, and, under all, was papa's fur coat.

"Why, Twister, it's just like a bed. I think I'll have a nap," said the tired boy.

By this time, Willie had cuddled down in the queer place, and was soon fast asleep. Twister thought he would take a nap, too, so he went to sleep on the floor near by.

And now a dreadful thing happened. The heavy cover of the box fell down, and Willie was shut up in the dark chest. But he did not know it, for he did not even wake up.

Twister did though. He jumped up and tried to find his little master, but he could not see him. Then he stood up and scratched at the cover, but he could not lift it.

What should he do? Willie could not live long shut up in the box without any fresh air. Something must be done, quickly.

IV.

Downstairs ran Twister. Mamma was not in her room. On he went, and in the sitting room he found her. Her headache was gone and she had just come down.

"Why, Twister," said she, as the little dog ran in, "what is the matter? Where is Willie?" "Bowwow!" said Twister, "come with me! Oh, do come with me, quick!"

But mamma did not start. She thought Willie was with Katie. Poor Twister! He did not know what to do. At last he took mamma's dress in his teeth, and pulled as hard as he could.

Just then Katie came in. "Where is Willie, Katie?" said mamma.

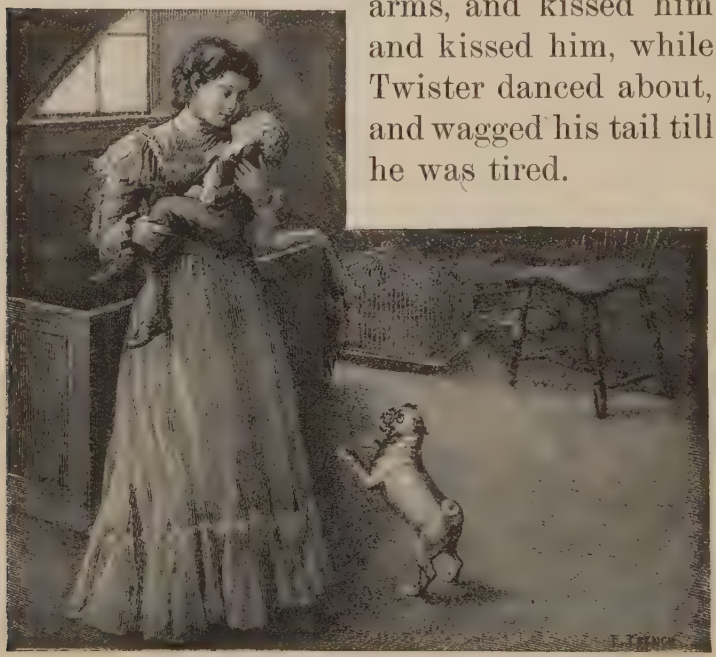
"I don't know," said Katie, "isn't he in here?"

"No, he is not," said mamma. "Where can he be?"

All the time Twister was tugging at mamma's dress. "Bowwow! Bowwow!" said he, "I'll show you! I'll show you!"

So mamma started. When Twister saw that she was coming, he let go her dress and ran on before her. He never stopped until he had led her upstairs into the attic.

Then he scratched at the cover of the box and barked. Mamma opened it, and there was her lost boy. She caught him up in her arms, and kissed him and kissed him, while Twister danced about, and wagged his tail till he was tired.



That night Twister had a fresh bone for his supper. Willie sat beside him, eating cookies. "Mamma says you shall have a bone every night," said his little master. "Do you know why, Twister? Because you took such good care of her little boy."

—Marion Erne Marsh.

ĕamp	chāin	dĭ rĕct′	ăn′swēred
bănks	răp′ĭd	thĭr′tў	sŭd′dĕn lў
brĭdge	năr′rōw	ădd′ĕd	ăc′çĭ dent
swĭng	līke′lў	sŭe çĕss′	ĭn′tĕr ĕst ĭng
swŭng	răth′ĕr	down′wārd	grāy-hĕad′ĕd

VI. MONKEYS CROSSING A RIVER.

I.

Captain Mayne Reid tells an interesting story about some monkeys that he saw in South America. One day the Captain and his guide were pushing their way through a deep forest.

In the evening they made their camp by the side of a narrow but rapid river. Suddenly they heard a great chattering. It sounded as if thousands of monkeys were moving among the trees, and each was trying to make more noise than all the rest.

"An army of monkeys on the march," said the guide. "They are coming this way. Most likely they will cross the river where we see the tall trees on both sides of the steep banks."

"How will they cross there?" asked the Captain. "The water runs so swiftly that they can not swim across."

"Oh, no," said the guide; "monkeys would rather go into fire than into water. If they can not jump the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! And how will they do that?"

"Only wait, Captain, and you shall soon see," answered the guide.

On came the army of monkeys. One old gray-headed fellow was the leader; he seemed to direct all the others.

After looking about for some time on the bank of the river, the monkeys all gathered near a tall tree. Then twenty or thirty of them climbed the tree and began the work of making the bridge.

II.

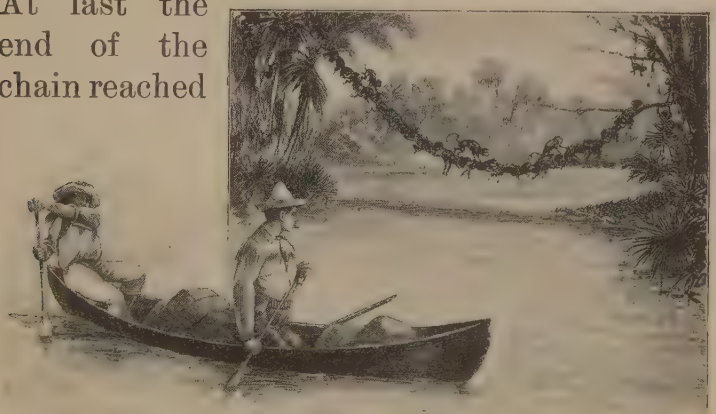
And this is how they did it: one very large and strong fellow ran out upon a limb and wrapped his tail around it. Then he let go with his paws and hung head downward.

The next on the limb climbed down and wrapped his tail around the body of the first. Then he let go and hung head downward.

In this way a third monkey fastened himself to the second, and a fourth to the third. And so they kept on until the last one upon

the string of animals rested his fore paws upon the ground.

Then the living chain began to swing. Back and forth, and farther and farther it swung. At last the end of the chain reached



to the branches of a tree on the other bank of the river.

The monkey at the end then caught one of the lower branches of the tree. A living bridge was thus formed, and all the other monkeys passed quickly over it.

III.

How were the animals forming the bridge to get across without any of them getting wet? One end of it was much lower than the other. If the first monkey were to let go

his hold, he and others near him would strike the water as the chain swung to the other side.

The cunning fellows provided against such an accident in this way. One big, strong fellow took good hold of the lowest in the bridge. Then another fastened himself to the big one, and so they kept on until a dozen or more were added to the chain.

Then these last monkeys ran up to a higher limb, and thus lifted that end of the chain some feet higher than the one on the other bank. All was now ready; the first monkey let go his hold, and the bridge swung safely over.

The monkeys now forming the lower end of the chain dropped lightly to the ground; the others jumped to the branches and came down the tree. All seemed delighted with their success.

The whole army then passed on its way, and the sound of the chattering was soon lost in the distance.

FOR STUDY.

In what direction would you travel to reach South America? Find South America on a map.

join	ärc′tĭe	ȧ bō*a*rd′	Rŭs′siȧ
stärt	rē′*ġ*iȯn	dŏe′tŏr	Sĭ bē′rĭ ȧ
slĕ*dġ*′ĕs̱	nôrth′ĕrn	Nän′sen	eŏm păn′iȯn
pō′lăr	kā*y*′ăk	Nôr′wā*y*	ĕx pĕ dĭ′tiȯn

VII. FARTHEST NORTH.

I. BY STEAM VESSEL.

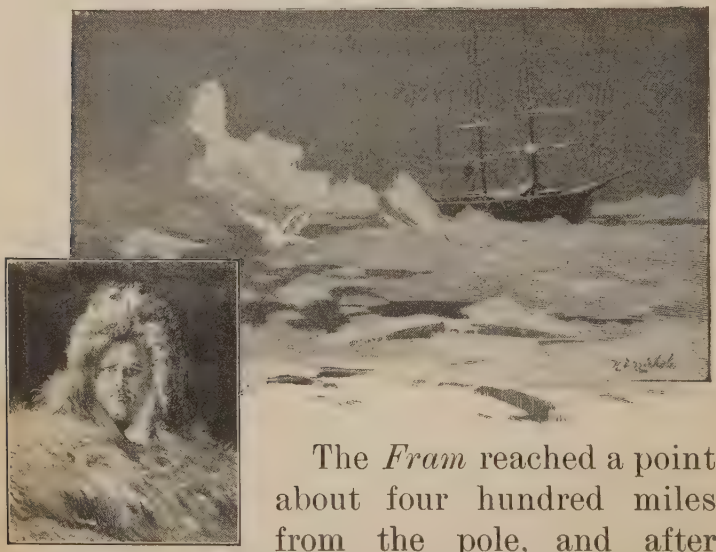
For many years men have been trying to reach the north pole. In its region the sun does not shine in winter. Indeed, winter there is one long, cold night.

Even in summer the rays of the sun do not fall directly enough in the arctic regions to melt all the ice and snow. So far as we know, all the polar regions are cold and stormy throughout the whole year.

And yet some men are ever ready to join an arctic expedition. From time to time they start out to find the north pole, and plant the flag of their country there.

In June, 1893, Doctor Nansen and a crew of twelve hardy men sailed away from Norway in their good, strong ship, the *Fram*. They carried everything that might be needed on a long journey in a region of storms and ice, and freezing cold.

This expedition did not reach the pole, but it did go farther north than any other.



The *Fram* reached a point about four hundred miles from the pole, and after spending three winters in that frozen region, returned to Norway.

II. BY DOGS AND SLEDGES.

Early in August, 1893, the *Fram* reached a point on the coast of northern Russia. Doctor Nansen met a man there who had come from Siberia with a large pack of dogs.

These were now taken aboard the *Fram*. When the time came to use them, they showed how true and faithful they could be.

In March, 1895, Doctor Nansen and one companion started on their famous sledge journey. They had twenty-eight dogs to draw their sledges, that were loaded with everything they might need.

They said good-by to the crew of the *Fram*, and turned their faces to the north. They reached a point some two hundred and fifty miles from the north pole.

Without doubt this is farther north than any other expedition has ever gone. All honor to Doctor Nansen and his brave companion! All honor to their trusty helpers, the dogs that were with them!

For fifteen months Doctor Nansen and his companion traveled by sledge and kayak through the arctic regions. In his book, "Farthest North," he has told the story of his long, hard journey by land and sea.

WORD BUILDING.

Copy and pronounce the words formed by suffixing *ed* and *ing* to each word below:

ădd	dĕ līght′	chăt′tĕr	märch
rĕst	seem	fȧs′ten	rēach
wāit	elīmb	ȧsk	erŏss
lĭft	fôrm	pȧss	sĕarch
sound	ăn′swĕr	wa̤lk	rŭsh
dĭ rĕet′	găth′ĕr	pṳsh	fĭn′ĭsh

sūit	lī'lae	prŏp'ẽr	ăp pēared'
ēaves	wēa'rў	swạl'lŏw	nĕs'tlĭng
ȧ līve'	sō'bẽr	twĭt'tẽr	ĕŏt'tȧge
ăr rīve'	bẽ nēath'	măr'rĭed	lŏdġ'ĭngs

VIII. IN THE SPRINGTIME.

Child. The lilacs are in bloom,
The cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound below me,
A twitter of delight, —
It is my friend the swallow
Once more come back alive.
I'm very glad to see you!
Pray when did you arrive?

Swallow. And I'm so glad to be here;
I only came to-day;
I was this very morning,
A hundred miles away.

Child. You're just the same old swallow,
Your wings are just as black.

Swallow. I always wear dark colors;
I'm ever on the wing;
A sober suit for traveling
For me's the proper thing.

Child. Your little last year nestlings, —
Do tell me how they grow?

Swallow. My young ones are big swallows,
And married long ago.

Child. And shall you build this summer
Among the flowers and leaves?

Swallow. No, I have taken lodgings
Beneath the cottage eaves.
You'll hear, each night and morning,
My twitter in the sky.

Child. That sound is always welcome;
And now, Good-by.

bôrn	thīrd	fôr′tў	foun′taĭn
dīve	whālez	fĭf′tў	whāle′bōne
gĭllz	plātes	sĕv′en tў	erēa′tūrez
lŭngz	sīze	strīkes	ĕs cāpe′
thrōat	eăp′tūre	dăsh′ĕz	swạl′lōwed

IX. SOMETHING ABOUT WHALES.

As every one knows, whales live in the ocean. The largest of them are from fifty to seventy feet long, and from thirty to forty feet around the body. Indeed, whales are the largest animals in the world.

They are born in the sea and get their food in the sea. Like fish, they swim with their long tails, and yet they are not fishes.

Fish have gills and breathe water through them. The whale has no gills. He does not breathe water, but must come to the surface to get pure air.

A whale can dive deep into the sea and stay there quite a long time, but at last he must rise to the surface to get air.

When he comes up, the breath from his lungs strikes the water and blows up a stream from twenty to thirty feet high. At a distance it looks like a fountain playing in the ocean.

The head of a whale is about one-third the size of his whole body. His great jaws are provided with plates of whalebone, which are very useful to him when he is feeding.

Though the whale is a huge animal, his throat is quite small. When hungry, he dashes among the small animals on which he feeds with his great mouth wide open.

When he closes his jaws, the water runs out between the plates of whalebone, but the little creatures do not escape. They are caught between the plates, and then swallowed.

The next lesson will tell you something about catching whales. Their oil and whalebone are of value, so every year hundreds of men sail away to capture these huge creatures.

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rō*w*	fōrç*e*	stō*we*d	här pōōn′
ō*a*rṣ	stout	lō*w*′ĕred	här pōōn′ĕr
bō*a*ts	stĭng	co*i*l*e*d	whāl′ĭng
bō*a*rd	lăsh	vĕs′sĕlṣ	strŭg′gl*e*
fō*a*m	lămps	cär′gō	bur′ied

X. CATCHING WHALES.

When the vessels reach the whaling grounds, a sharp watch is kept up. As soon as a whale

is seen, the cry is heard, "There she blows! There she blows!"

At once the small boats are lowered into the water. When all are ready, the sailors dip their oars and row away to where "she blows."

Beside the men who row, each small boat has on board a harpooner. When they get near enough, the harpooner tries to hurl or shoot the harpoon so as to hit the whale.

The harpoon is fastened to a long stout line, which is coiled up with care in one end of the boat. If the harpoon strikes just right, it is buried in the body of the whale and held fast by it. Then the real struggle with the whale begins.

As soon as the great creature feels the sting of the cold, sharp steel, he dashes off at a rapid rate. He hauls the harpoon line over the side of the boat so fast that water must be thrown on it to keep it from catching fire.

But by and by he must come up to breathe. No sooner does he begin to "blow" than he feels the cold sting of a harpoon from another boat. He dives again, but with less force than before.

He may struggle hard and long, but often his struggle is in vain. He may lash the sea into foam with his great tail, but at last he gives up the fight. When the end comes, he turns on his back, and the boats slowly pull the great body toward the ship.

Once at the ship, the work of getting the oil and whalebone begins. These are stowed away in the ship. At the end of the whaling season, the vessel sails back with its cargo of oil and whalebone.

Some years ago much whale oil was used in lamps. This demand has been cut off, as most of the oil now used in lamps is taken from wells in the ground. Do you know what this kind of oil is called?

mew	grāv*e*′yärd	băn′ĭs tẽrṣ
spīt*e*	point′ĕd	rẽ māi*n*′ĭng
tī′gẽr	e*o*̆m′ĭe al	mĭs′ch*i*̇ẽ vo*u*̆s
mĕm′bẽr	fū′nẽr al	dĭf′fĭ e*u*̆l tў
ăe e*o*̂rd′	ĭm prŏp′ẽr	ŭn ū′ṣū al lў
e*o*̆l′lĕg*e*	ăt tĕnd′ĕd	ŏe eā′ṣion
snăt*c*hed (t)	pẽ eūl′iar (-yẽr)	

XI. MY KITTY.

I.

She was a little kitten when I first had her; but she grew fast, and was very soon bigger than I wanted her to be. I wanted her to stay little.

Her fur was a beautiful dark gray color, and there were black stripes on her sides, like the stripes on a tiger. Her eyes were very big, and her ears unusually long and pointed. This made her look like a fox; and she was so bright and mischievous that some people thought she must be part fox.

She used to do one thing that I never heard of any other cat doing: she used to play hide and seek. Did you ever hear of a cat's playing hide and seek? And the most wonderful part of it was, that she took it up of her own accord.

As soon as she heard me shut the gate in the yard at noon, when school was done, she would run up the stairs as hard as she could go, and take her place at the top, where she could just peep through the banisters. When I opened the door, she would give a funny little mew, something like the mew cats make when they call their kittens.

Then, as soon as I stepped on the first stair to come up to her, she would race away at the top of her speed, and hide under a bed; and when I reached the room, there would be no Pussy to be seen.

If I called to her, she would come out from under the bed; but if I left the room, and went down stairs without speaking, in less than a minute she would fly back to her post at the head of the stairs, and call again with the peculiar mew. As soon as

I appeared, off she would run, and hide under the bed as before.

II.

She used to follow me, just like a little dog, wherever I went. She followed me to school every day, and we had great difficulty on Sundays to keep her from following us to church.

Once she followed me, when it made a great many people laugh, in spite of themselves, on an occasion when it was very improper for them to laugh, and they were all feeling very sad. It was at the funeral of one of the professors in the college.

The professors' families all sat together; and when the time came for them to walk out of the house and get into the carriages to go to the graveyard, they were called, one after the other, by name.

When it came to our turn, my father and mother went first, arm in arm; then my sister and I; and then, who should rise, very gravely, but my Pussy, who had slipped into the room after me, and had not been noticed in the crowd.

She walked along, directly behind my sister and me, as if she were the remaining

member of the family, as indeed she was. People began to smile, and as we passed through the front door, and went down the steps, some of the men and boys standing there laughed out. I do not wonder; for it must have been a very comical sight.

In a second more, somebody sprang forward and snatched Pussy up. Such a scream as she gave! and scratched his face with her claws, so that he was glad to put her down.

As soon as I heard her voice, I turned round and called her in a low tone. She ran quickly to me, and I picked her up and carried her in my arms the rest of the way. That was the only funeral Pussy ever attended.

—Helen Hunt Jackson, in "Letters from a Cat."

SYLLABLES.

A syllable is a word or a part of a word that is uttered by one impulse of the voice. Examine the words at the head of this lesson and tell how many syllables in each.

Pronounce and tell how many syllables in each word below:

thought	people	carried	carriages
school	minute	opened	professors
wanted	second	directly	families
laughed	reached	noticed	scratched

Copy words above and leave space between syllables.

wee	chăp	jŏl′lў	crĭck′ĕt
ween	chĭrps	cŏn′çĕrt	thĭck′ĕt
härk	glŏss′ў	fĭd′dle	nīne′teen

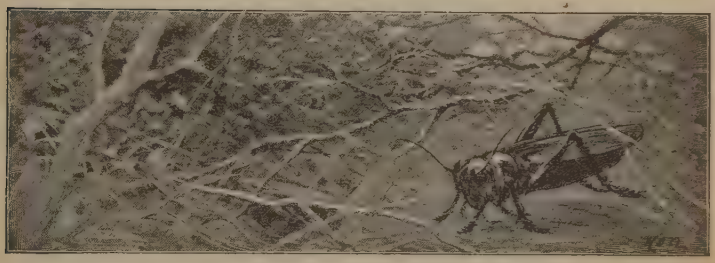
XII. LITTLE BLACK CRICKETS.

A little black cricket
Lives down in a thicket,
  O, a jolly young cricket so gay!
For he hops with delight
And chirps all night,
  But he keeps very still in the day.

And the dear little chap
Wears a glossy black cap,
  And a little black suit, neat and fine.
With his fiddle he sings,
He jumps and he springs, —
  Of good luck he is surely a sign.

This dear little cricket
Who lives in the thicket
  Must have cousins and neighbors, I ween:
In the quiet and dark,
To their concert — just hark!
  Of fiddles there must be nineteen.

And the gay little crickets
Who live in the thickets,
  They are ever as busy as men;
When the birds are at rest
They are doing their best
  To give us sweet music again.



But the dear little chaps,
With their glossy black caps
  In the morning creep softly away.
The wee fiddles and strings
Are kept under their wings
  As they quietly sleep in the day.

—Stella H. Seed.

SEAT WORK.

Write words that rhyme with each of the following: cricket, gay, delight, chap, sign, rest, again, wings.

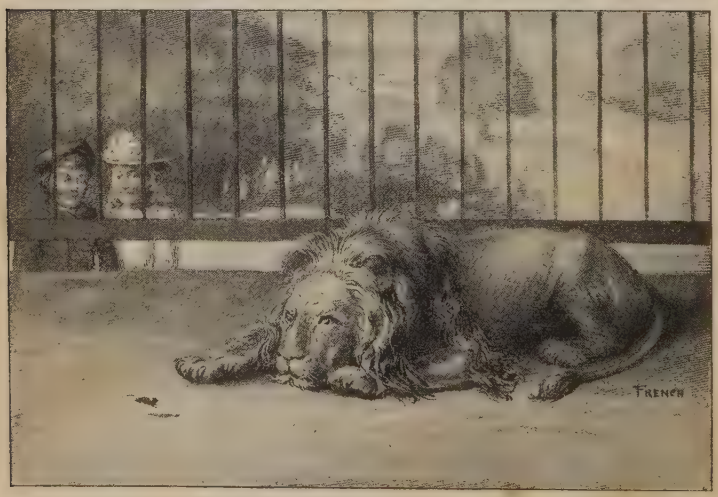
What is the meaning of "I ween"? of "wee"?

Zo͞o	çĕn′tral	serē*a*me*d*	Bro͝ok′lyn
*wh*o͟se	pĕrche*d*(t)	tûr′tl*e*	New Yôrk′
stōv*e*	fĭn′gĕr	e*o*m plēte′	fā′võr ĭt*e*
strōll	fĕ*a*th′ĕr͟s	vĭ͟s′ĭt õr͟s	o*e*′e*u* pī*e*d
e*r*a͟w*l*	e*o*o′ĭng	e*o*n tĕnt′ĕd	dĭs ăp pē*a*red′

XIII. QUEER FRIENDS.

I.

Many animals are kept in Central Park in New York City. There you may see creatures



in feathers and fur that have been brought from many parts of the world.

That part of the park in which the animals are kept is called the Zoo. Every day hundreds of visitors stroll through the Zoo and look into the cages and dens. For some time they have seen an odd sight in the cage occupied by a large and fierce lion.

It seems that the king of beasts has found a friend. Every day he and his little friend are seen together. When the big fellow lies down, his little visitor plays between his paws and runs all over him. Both seem very much pleased with the fun.

I think you would say they are odd playmates, for one is none other than a timid little mouse.

II.

Once a lady had a cat and a canary bird. The canary had a cage whose door was often left open, so that it could fly around the room.

When the lady held out her finger to the bird, it would fly down and perch on it. And then, the cat and the bird were such good friends that it often flew down and perched on the cat's back.

One day the cat seized the bird and suddenly jumped on the bed. The lady screamed. She thought the cat was about to kill her pet.

On looking around, she saw a strange cat in the room. She drove it out, and then her cat let the canary go. The bird was not hurt, so it seems that even a cat may be a very good friend to a canary.

III.

That was an odd group that used to be seen in a house in Brooklyn. One member of this group was a fierce-looking dog, called

Jack; another was a gentle little pigeon, and the third was a good-sized turtle.

Jack's favorite place was in a corner near the kitchen stove. There he would lie for hours with one eye shut and the other half open.

Often he was joined there by the pigeon. It would come stepping along, cooing in its own soft way. It would walk around the great dog two or three times, and at last hop upon his back and rest there.

And then came the turtle. It would crawl up the steps, often falling back three or four times before getting up. Once on the kitchen floor, it would join its friends, and thus complete the group. Three more contented creatures it would be hard to find.

The group was not complete all the year round. With the coming of the frost the turtle disappeared. It buried itself in the garden, and was not seen again till spring.

ACCENT.

In pronouncing words of two or more syllables, we give extra force or stress to one syllable, — this extra stress is called *accent*. Accent is indicated to the eye by placing this mark (´) to the right and a little above the accented syllable.

Examine the words at the head of this lesson and tell which syllables are accented.

Copy the words below and indicate the accented syllables:

little	often	every	creatures
along	kitchen	canary	animals
timid	between	another	together

wạrṣ	pāin	cru′ĕl	Rō′manṣ
sōld	slāveṣ	cŭs′tom	Ăn′drō clŭs
sōre	spōrt	prĭṣ′on	Ĕm′pĕr ŏr
eāve	thôrn	eăp′tĭveṣ	pär′doned
thŭs	lĭcked (t)	à rē′nà	à būṣed′

XIV. ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

I.

That is a queer story that is told of two friends who once lived in old Rome. In those days the Romans were the most famous soldiers in the world. They carried on many wars and made many captives.

Those old Romans had a custom which would be thought very cruel in our times, — they sold their captives as slaves.

As the story goes, a soldier named Androclus was taken captive in Africa, and brought to Rome and sold. His master abused him, and at last he ran away.

One day while Androclus was hiding in the forest, he came upon a lion. At first he turned to run away, but as the lion did not follow him he turned back.

As he came near, the lion held out a paw and seemed to be in great pain. At last

Androclus went up, and found that the beast had a great thorn in his foot. He pulled out the thorn and bound up the sore foot.

His foot was soon well, but the lion did not forget the man who had helped him. He led Androclus to his cave, and every day brought him a part of some animal that he had killed.

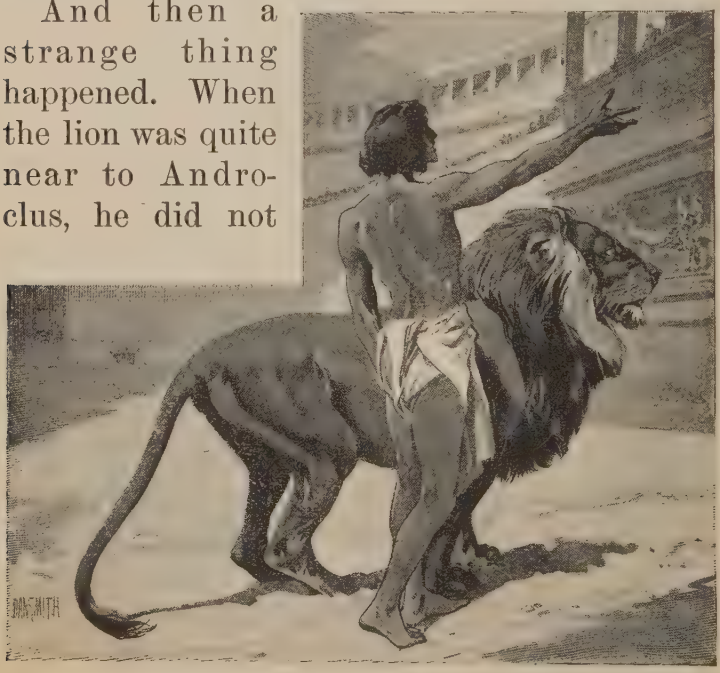
And thus they lived together in the cave. The lion was as kind and gentle with Androclus as any dog. But by and by they were both captured by soldiers and taken to Rome. Androclus was thrown into prison.

II.

Not long afterward there was to be a holiday in Rome. The games and races in the arena were to be followed by a fight between a man and a lion. The emperor and thousands of people would come to see the sport.

When the races and games were ended, then came what the Romans thought the best sport of all. A prisoner was brought into the middle of the arena and left there. The prisoner was Androclus, and he was to fight with a hungry lion.

Very soon the door of a cage was thrown open, and a lion bounded into the arena. For days he had eaten nothing. Hunger had made him fierce; he bounded toward Androclus.



And then a strange thing happened. When the lion was quite near to Androclus, he did not spring upon him as was expected. Instead, he began to show signs of joy. He even came up and licked his hands like a friendly dog.

The emperor was greatly surprised at this, and so were all the people. Surely this was

something new in the arena! They called upon Androclus to tell them how it happened that he and the lion came to be such good friends.

Then Androclus told the whole story. He told how he had met the lion in the forest, and how they had lived for some time in the same cave.

The emperor was pleased, and then and there he pardoned Androclus. The people were delighted, and they cried, "Let them both go free!"

FOR STUDY.

Find Africa on a map. In what direction would you travel to reach Africa?

In what country is Rome? What is the name of the people who now live in Italy?

In going from Africa to Rome in what direction would you travel? On what great sea would you sail?

What was the arena? For what was it used in former times?

What strange thing happened one day in the arena in Rome?

Who is an emperor? Why did the people wish that Androclus should be pardoned?

Do you think that this story teaches us a useful lesson? If so, what is the lesson?

Can you tell a story showing the influence of kindness on animals?

NOVEMBER.

VERSES FOR ALL SEASONS.

bĭdz	sweeps	rĭdg′ĕz	blŭsh′ĕz
rōze	breāk	blōwz	erō′eŭs
′tĭz = it is		ā′eȯrn′s = acorn is	

XV. THE FOUR WINDS.

In winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows,
Soon red, I know, will be the rose;
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup;
For 'tis the wind who takes it out
And plants an oak somewhere about.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

thȳ	shāke	rŭs′*tle*s	whĭs′*t*lĭng
chĭll	thro*ugh*	ŭn rĕst′	ĕv′ẽr ў whêre

XVI. TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

The wind is whistling through the trees
It rustles loud among the leaves.
An autumn chill is in the air,
The downy seeds sail everywhere.
O, autumn wind, so cool and strong!
O, autumn wind, we love thy song!

The maple leaves, in scarlet dressed,
Are dancing now in wild unrest.
You shake the acorns from on high,
And chase the clouds across the sky.
O, autumn wind, thy ways we know!
O, autumn wind, blow high, blow low!

You bring the nuts down from the trees;
You sweep the hills of dry brown leaves;
The tiny seeds to earth you send —
You are their helper, and their friend.
O, autumn wind, your ways we know!
O autumn wind, blow high, blow low!

—Stella H. Seed.

dȯth	bọs̱′ ȯm	quāi̇l	whĭrl′ ĭng
vĕst	lọs̱′ ĕs̱	ęlō′ vĕr	lȯve′ lĭ ĕst
glō*w*	çē*a*se*d*(t)	wā*y*′ sīd*e*	be*a*ū′ tē *o*ŭs

XVII. NOVEMBER.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child, —

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

— ALICE CARY.

WINTER AND SPRING.

Mother Earth is sound asleep;
Who, oh! who will wake her?
"I will," said the mild south wind,
"I will gently shake her."

Mother Earth is wide awake;
Who will bring her flowers?
"I will," said the beaming sun,
"Helped by April showers."

— REBECCA B. FORESMAN.

WORD REVIEW.

In these words ạ represents the sound of ŏ:

wạs	whạt	wạn′dẽr	quạr′rẽl
swạn	wạtch	wạl′nŭt	swạl′lŏw

hōsts	weeds̱	dāi′ s̱y̆	vī′ ŏ lĕt
fẽrns̱	sprout	slĕn′ dẽr	bŭt′ tẽr e͡ŭp

XVIII. WAITING TO GROW.

Little white Snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, Daisy, and sweet Buttercup!—
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door;
Listen and watch and wait below—
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
To help them to grow.

pūre nĕs′ tle snōw′ flākes läugh′ tẽr
sōuls̱ ẽär′ pĕt ne'er(nār) = never

XIX. LITTLE SNOWFLAKES.

The snowflakes fall so gently
You ne'er can hear a sound,
As sailing through the frosty air
They nestle on the ground.
They form a carpet, soft and white,
For merry little feet,
While cheeks grow round and rosy,
And laughter is so sweet.

Some children are like snowflakes,—
Their step is light and low,
And when they walk from place to place,
You ne'er can hear them go.
Oh, let us be like snowflakes,
So soft and pure and bright,
And when God looks into our souls,
He'll see a pleasing sight.

—M. M.

In the lesson above, copy the words at the ends of the lines that rhyme.

With each pair of words write four others that rhyme with them.

mīld show′ ẽr̲s fâi̇r′ ĭe̲s blūe′-e ȳed

XX. FANNY'S FAIRIES.

"I wonder," said blue-eyed Fanny,
"How all the tiny buds know
Winter is gone and spring is here,
Waiting for them to grow.

"Don't you believe that the fairies
Whisper the news in the night;
And, for love of them, the blossoms
Open their eyes to the light?"

Yes, little Fan,—and the fairies
That wake all the early flowers
Are the bright, warm April sunbeams
And the gentle April showers.

Lôrd breeze wo͞o′ ĭng wĭl′ lŏwe̲
lȯv′ ĕth drow′ e̲y̆ blo͞om′ ĭng rē pēat′

XXI. VOICES OF THE SPRINGTIME.

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?

Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is telling
Night is done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blooming orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May,
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On its way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call:
"Praise the Lord, who loveth all,"
Night and day,
Little May.

WORD REVIEW.

bees	trees	seeds	breeze
sees	queens	deeds	cheese

In the above words ee represents the sound of ē, and s represents the sound of z.

sāve	trĭg	făsh′*i*ȯn	tīre′sȯme
flō*w*n	gown	păs′sion	drōōped (t)
frĭlls	erā′zў	*h*ŏn′ĕst	a′ny

XXII. THE ROBIN'S ADVICE.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

—Sarah O. Jewett.

sĭnçe	Greeçe	eŏm′mon	ŭn dĕr stănd′
pāġ′ĕş	mŏr′al	how ĕv′ẽr	eŏn sĭd′ẽred
stō′rў	prĭnt′ĕd	eŏl lĕet′ĕd	Æ′sop (ē′sŏp)

XXIII. SOMETHING ABOUT FABLES.

The fable is a very old form of writing. Just when it was first used no one can tell.

However, we do know that the fable has been common in Greece for many years. Æsop wrote and collected fables in Greece some twenty-five hundred years ago.

Æsop was a slave, but his master was so much pleased with his writing that he set him free. Then he traveled in different countries, and was considered a great and wise man.

We do not know how many fables were written by Æsop. His name has been given to hundreds that were written since his death. But all fables, both old and new, are intended to teach a useful lesson, called the *moral.*

The story part of a fable is only the means of bringing out this lesson so that we can understand it. On the next few pages you will find fables. In some the moral is printed, and in others it is left for you to find out.

erāne	bĭll	chŏps	Re̲y′ närd
so̲u̲p	dīne	sẽrved	ĭn vīt′ ĕd
mēal	fâre	shăl′ lō*w*	ĕx eūs′ ĕs̲

XXIV. THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

Once upon a time the fox and the crane were on very good terms. So the fox invited the crane to dinner.

The fox, being fond of a joke, had only soup for dinner, and this was served in a shallow dish.

As the fox could lap up the soup very well,

he made a good meal. But the crane did not get on so well,—she could only wet the end of her bill in the soup. When the dinner was over, she was as hungry as when she began.

"I am sorry," said the fox, "the soup is not to your liking."

"Pray do not make any excuses," said the crane. "I hope you will be kind enough to return this visit, and dine with me quite soon."

So a day was fixed, and the fox went to visit the crane. When they were all ready for dinner, it was served in a high vessel with a long, narrow neck.

The crane made good use of her long neck

and bill. But Master Reynard with his short nose did not fare so well; he had to be content with licking his chops and watching the crane eat her fill. —Æsop.

Write the letters in their order in the alphabet.

Copy all the different words used in this lesson, and arrange them in the order of their first letters, thus, —

A — am, and, any, as.

B — be, being, bill, but.

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f̣âir	nōtes	mĭs′trĕss	bē wâre′
greet	snăpped(t)	fĭg′ūre	flăt′tẽr y̆

XXV. THE FOX AND THE CROW.

Once a fox saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese and light on the branch of a tree.

"As I am a fox, I must get that piece of cheese," said Master Reynard. So he walked up to the foot of the tree.

"Good day, Mistress Crow," cried Reynard. "How well you are looking to-day! How glossy your feathers! How bright your eye!

"Good Mistress Crow, I have heard that your voice is as fine as your figure is fair. Pray let me hear your notes that I may greet you as the Queen of Song."

The crow, pleased with the soft words of the fox, began to caw her best. The moment she opened her mouth, the cheese fell to the ground, where it was snapped up by the fox.

"Thank you, Mistress Crow," said he. "I like your cheese even better than your song."

MORAL: Beware of flattery.

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stăg	slŭnk	jŭdġe	jăck'ăl
līfe	quăr'tẽr	jŭdġ'ment	ĕn joy'
preȳ	dĭ vīde'	quĕs'tion (kwĕs'chŭn)	

XXVI. THE LION'S SHARE.

Once a lion went a-hunting with a fox, a jackal, and a wolf. They hunted and they hunted. At last they came upon a stag, and soon took his life.

Then came the question how the four should divide their prey. The lion was judge.

"Quarter me this stag," roared the lion.

The other animals did as he directed, and very soon the four quarters of the stag were laid before the lion.

Then he gave judgment as follows: "The first quarter is for me, because I am the King

of Beasts; the second is mine, because I am the judge; another comes to me for my part in the chase; and as for the fourth quarter, well, I should like to see which one of you will dare to lay a paw upon it."

Then the others all slunk away and left the king of beasts to enjoy his share alone. "We might have known it!" said the wolf. "The strong take all, and the greedy leave none."

ȧnt	stärv*e*	bŏth′ĕr	*yo*o͝r sĕlf′
chăt	stōr*ed*	bŏr′rō*w*	prē′çĕpt
lĕnd	toil′ĭng	fôr′wärd	ĕx ăm′ple

XXVII. THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

One fine summer's day a grasshopper was out in a field. She felt so gay that she sang and sang, and was happy as the day was long.

By and by an ant passed by; she had a grain of corn which she was taking to her home. The ant was small, and it was very hard work for her to drag and roll it along.

"Why not come and chat with me?" said the grasshopper. "Why do you spend the whole day in toiling in that way?"

"I am helping to lay up food for the winter," said the ant. "I would advise you to do the same."

"Why bother about winter?" said the grasshopper. "We have plenty of food now, and winter is a long way off."

But the ant went on her way and kept on toiling all day. When winter came, the grasshopper had no food.

She went to borrow from the ants; but they would not lend, since they had only grain enough for their own use.

So the grasshopper was left to starve, while the ants lived all the winter on the grain they had stored away. —Æsop.

FOR STUDY

What can you tell of the habits of ants?
What do you know about grasshoppers?
Write out the *moral* of this fable.

THE TWO CRABS.

One fine day two crabs came out from their home in the water to take a walk along the sandy beach.

"Child," said the old crab to the younger

one, "you should walk straight forward. It is a very bad habit to twist from side to side as you do."

"Pray, master," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you."

MORAL.

EXAMPLE is better than precept.

eount hăt*ch*ed (t) rĭb′bŏn mŏn′*e*y

XXVIII. THE MILKMAID.

One morning a milkmaid was on her way from the field to the farmhouse. She had been out in the field to milk the cows, and now her work was done.

On her head she had a pail of milk. As she walked along she began to think: "Now I will sell this milk, and with the money I will buy a good many eggs.

"What dear little chicks I shall have! Then when the chicks are older, I can sell them in town for much money, and buy me a pretty dress.

"Let me see, yes, — white will suit me best; and I shall have a new hat and a red ribbon for my hair."

Then she thought how nice she would look, and how all the young farmers would ask her to walk with them.

"But I will toss my head," said she, "and say 'No' to them all." Just then she gave her head a proud little toss, and away went the pail of milk to the ground.

And so ended the milkmaid's plans for that morning. When she got home, she told her mother all about how it happened.

"Ah, my child," said her mother, "you must not count your chickens before they are hatched."

—La Fontaine.

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prowl	pâir	strĕngth	ūn′iŏn
grāzed	hôrn̲s	ăn̲′grў	ū̆ nīt′ĕd

XXIX. THE OXEN AND THE LION.

A lion used to prowl about a field in which four oxen were kept. Many a time he had tried to capture one of them, but all in vain.

Whenever the lion came near, the four oxen turned their tails together, so that he met a pair of horns on every side.

But at last the oxen began to quarrel among themselves. They became so angry that each went off to a corner of the field and grazed alone.

When the lion came back, he seized the oxen one by one, and soon made an end of all four.

"In union there is strength."

"United we stand, divided we fall."

---

stĭtch	ī′dle	ăe′tĭve	ĭn sŭlt′
snärled	nee′dle	ĕrŏŏk′ĕd	blĕss′ĭngs
grāte	sĭn′gle	ăsh′ĕs	mĭs fôr′tūne
sōōn′ẽr	doŭ′ble	sĕns′ĕs	quar′rĕl ĭng

XXX. THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle were neighbors in a workbasket. Both being idle, they began to quarrel, as idle people are very likely to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of your eye, if there is always something in it?" asked the pin.

"I am more active, and can get through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long, for you have always a stitch in your side."

"You are a poor, crooked thing!" cried the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking," answered the pin.

"I will pull your head off, if you insult me again," said the needle.

"I will pull your eye out, if you touch me," snarled the pin. "Remember, your life hangs by a single thread."

While they were quarreling thus, a little girl came into the room. She began sewing something hard, but soon broke the needle at the eye, and threw it under the grate.

Then the girl picked up the pin. It was so crooked that it bent almost double when she tried to use it. So she threw the pin into the ashes with the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to quarrel about now," said the pin. "It seems that misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"It is a pity that we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "We are much like many men who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them."

Tell the meaning of: "A stitch in your side"; "get through more work"; "so proud that you can't bend without breaking"; "your life hangs by a single thread."

fē*a*st ĭ dē'ȧ hĭll'sīd*e* smärt'ẽr
bō*a*st'ĕd dẽ çē*ive'* wōn't = will not

XXXI. THREE SMART YOUNG FOXES.

There were once three young foxes that lived in a hole on a hillside. From the hole they could look out and see what was going on all around.

One afternoon one of the young foxes slipped out by himself for a little walk. When he came back he called the other two and said: "Oh, come here, and I will tell you about what I saw."

So they all lay down together, and looked out of the hole. "Now then," said the fox who had been out, "you see that fence down there?"

"Oh, yes," said his brother and sister.

"Well, on the other side of that fence is a chicken yard. I saw it myself. And in the yard there is as fine a lot of chickens as were ever seen."

"Are you sure the chickens are there?" asked the others.

"Of course I am. Could my eyes deceive me? I think it very strange that father and mother never found that yard. As soon as it

gets dark, we must go down there and get some of those chickens."

"All right," said both the others; "we'll go with you. What a great feast we shall have!"

All the time the young ones were talking, old Mother Fox was lying down. They thought she was asleep, but she had heard every word they had said.

Mother Fox now came forward and said: "That is a very pretty place down there, and my son was very smart to find it. But when you go down there this evening, do not forget to look at a small house near the chicken yard.

"A big dog lives there. He is let into the yard every night at dark. If you think he won't see you, or that he can't run fast enough to catch you, it might be a good idea to get some chickens this evening."

The young foxes looked at one another. They did not feel so brave now. It was a long time before they boasted again of being smarter than their father and mother.

PUNCTUATION MARKS.

Examine the third and fourth lines of this page; write the names of the punctuation marks that you find.

Which two of these marks are the same in form?

lärch	prāi̲sed	ȧ līke′	rŭs′tle̲s
sprĕad	cheered	ĕn joyed′	nō′tĭçed (t)
sīghed	hĭd′den	çĕn′tẽr	glō′rĭ oŭs

XXXII. THE MAPLE AND THE LARCH.

Once a beautiful maple tree grew in the center of a large park. All the summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had sat on the grass under it and enjoyed its cool shade.

But along with the fall came a change in the maple tree. Its green leaves began to turn red and yellow.

Every one, young and old alike, noticed the change. All said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is no other tree whose leaves are so bright and pretty."

Of course the maple was much pleased to hear herself praised, for it was all true. But all this honest praise turned her head, and she became proud and vain. She spread out

her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight.

"It does not matter," said the maple, "if I do hide the larch. No one cares to look at him; he is such a plain little tree."

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but made no reply. He only rustled his branches and sighed.

Just then the good fairy of the park passed by and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Are you not happy?"

The larch replied, "I sighed only because the maple is so much more beautiful than I am; she seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry. The little larch did look plain and small as he stood beside the maple in her glorious dress of scarlet and yellow. So the fairy whispered "Only wait!"

In a few days the leaves of the maple turned brown and fell to the earth. Its branches were bare; its beauty was gone.

When the snow came, there was but one bright, cheerful spot in the whole park. There stood the brave little larch, its leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the winter the sight of it cheered the people who passed by.

SOME RIDDLES OLD AND NEW.

wā*i*st	bĭg′gĕr	trụths	făsh′*i*o̤ned
lāçed(t)	quĭv′ĕr	ôr′dĕr	e’er(ār)
trĭcks	shĭv′ĕr	rĭd′dle̤	ġēn′ius(-yŭs)

XXXIII. MR. RAYMOND’S RIDDLE.

Now if any of my child readers want to know what a genius is — shall I try to tell them. or shall I not? I will give them one very short answer; it means one who understands things without any other body telling him what they mean. God makes a few such now and then to teach the rest of us.

“Do you like riddles?” asked Mr. Raymond, turning over the leaves of his own book.

“I don’t know what a riddle is,” said Diamond.

“It’s something that means something else, and you’ve got to find out what that something else is.”

Mr. Raymond liked the old-fashioned riddle best, and had written a few — one of which he now read.

"I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers large and small.

"From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.

"None e'er saw me eat — I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In the summer with song I shake and quiver.
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver."

"Do you know what that means, Diamond?" he asked, when he had finished.

"No, indeed, I don't," answered Diamond.

"Then you can read it for yourself, and think over it, and see if you can find it out," said Mr. Raymond, giving him the book. "And now you had better go home to your mother. When you've found the riddle, you can come again."

If Diamond had had to find out the riddle in order to see Mr. Raymond again, I doubt if he would ever have seen him.

"Oh, then," I think I hear some little reader say, "he could not have been a genius, for a genius finds out things without being told."

I answer, "Genius finds out truths, not tricks." And if you do not understand that, I am afraid you must be content to wait till you grow older and know more.

—From "At the Back of the North Wind," By George MacDonald

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tī′dў bŏn′nў à flō*at* dĭs plā*y*′

A RIDDLE AND ANSWER.

One, two, three!
A bonny boat I see, —
A silver boat, and all afloat,
Upon a rosy sea.

One, two, three!
I'll answer it for thee, —
The moon afloat is the bonny boat,
The sunset is the sea.

A MONDAY RIDDLE.

Very useful and very slim;
Very tidy and very trim.
Once a week they make a display;
After that they are hidden away.
Two long legs, and a very small head;
If you can guess it, enough has been said.

---

stȧff	brĕast	Thēbe̱s	prŏm*p*t′lў
sphĭn̲x	pō′ĕt	mŏn′stĕr	ĭn′fan çў
mўths	wọm′an	dĕ stroy*e*d′	ĭm ăġ′ĭ nā̆ rў
fāi̇led	măn′hŏŏd	Œd′i pus (Ĕd′ĭ pŭs)	

XXXIV. A VERY OLD RIDDLE

When Æsop was writing his fables, the poets used to tell the people of a monster whom they called the sphinx. The sphinx made her home near Thebes, which was then one of the large cities of Greece.

At that time the people believed in many imaginary stories and myths; so the sphinx was thought by every one to be a very real thing, indeed.

The poets and story-tellers said that the

sphinx had the face of a woman, the wings of a bird, and the breast, feet, and tail of a lion.

This monster, they said, sat on a high rock and watched for travelers. She gave a riddle to every person who passed that way. Every one who failed to answer the riddle was seized by the sphinx and destroyed.

For a long time no one gave the right answer. By and by Œdipus appeared.

This is the riddle that the sphinx gave him: "What animal is that which goes on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three in the evening?"

Œdipus promptly answered: "That is man, — he creeps in infancy, walks on two feet in manhood, and uses a staff in old age."

At last her riddle was answered. To the great joy of the people of Thebes, the sphinx disappeared and never was seen again.

wĭg	trămp	à lás′	nŏd′dĭng
glee	dŏffs	dăn′dў	trĭp′pĭng
clăp	crĭsp	wąrn′ĭng	ō′vẽr eō*a*t

XXXV. WHO IS THIS?

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow, —
In yellow, with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime, bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders where the grass is fresh and green.
But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning, —
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.

—Nellie M. Gerabrant.

What is the meaning of *doff*?
Don means *put on;* it is the opposite of *doff.*

glĕn	glȧss	sprā*y*	frŏl′ĭc
grĭm	lŏcks	ȧ strā*y*′	cheer′ĭ lў

XXXVI. WHO AM I?

Jack Frost comes and locks me up,
The sunshine sets me free;
I frolic with the grave old trees,
And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life,
In forest, field, and glen,
Till grim Jack Frost comes from the north
And locks me up again.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

DO YOU KNOW IT?

It's a wee, pretty house made of glass,
And set in an iron frame;
Up comes a man and opens the door,
And lights a little flame.
Now the children can find their way,
Though the moon and stars have gone astray.

A WINTER SCENE.

A million little diamonds
  Sparkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens cried,
  "Give me a diamond, please!"

But while they held their hands out far,
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
  And stole them all away.

FOR STUDY.

Have you ever seen a diamond? If so, what did it look like?

Did the little maidens see real *diamonds* sparkling on the trees? What did they see?

Of what were these diamonds made? Of what are real diamonds made?

Where are diamonds found?

For what are they noted, and why are they prized so highly?

plŭmp	tōrn	tŏssed(t)	vĕl′vĕt
keen	līned	guärd′ĕd	prĭc′kle̤s

XXXVII. WHAT ARE THEY?

Some wee little things lay deep in a nest,
A nest lined with velvet, the softest and best.
They grew and grew for many a day,
But never were known to chirp or play.

This tiny nest to a bough was hung,
And night and day it tossed and swung;
At first it was round and plump and green,
And guarded well by prickles keen.

At last the nest that kept them warm
Was torn down by an autumn storm;
The wee little things were tumbled out,
And now they are scattered all about.

lē*a*rn′ĕd nā′tĭv*e* fīr*e*′sīd*e* Jā′eob
stŭd′ĭed vĭl′lā*g*e pŭb′lĭshed(t) Wĭl′hĕlm
dūr′ĭng pĕ*a*ṣ′ants çĕn′tū rĭeṣ ū nĭ vēr′sĭ tў

XXXVIII. TWO FAMOUS WRITERS.

A hundred years ago two brothers, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, were living in Germany. They attended school in their native village and afterward went to the university.

Jacob became a very learned man, and Wil-

helm was a great story-teller. They studied and worked together for many years, during which time they published many interesting books.

A hundred years ago books and papers were not so common as they are now. In those times fathers and mothers told their children the wonderful tales they had heard when young; and thus the same tales had been handed down for centuries.

While the Brothers Grimm were still young men, they began to write out these tales just as they were told by the German peasants. They spent years at this work, and then published two books of stories.

These stories, which were first told at some peasant's fireside, are now known and read all over the world. You will find four of them in this book.

After you have read these old stories from Germany, you may wish to read others. If so, you should try to get a book of them and read them for yourself.

FOR STUDY.

Where is Germany? What are the people who live in Germany called?

What is a university?

hĭss	heärth	bâre′lў	rē̊ māined′
brŏth	plīght	bōld′lў	prŏ̊ pōs̱ed′
bûrst	sewed (sōd)	our sĕlves̱	ĕs eāped′(t)
bēans̱	tāi′lŏr	hănd′fụl	fôr′tūnes̱
sēam	chănçed (t)	pĭt′ĭed	eŏm păn′ions̱

XXXIX. THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

I.

Once upon a time an old woman lived in a village. One day she gathered some beans to cook for her dinner.

She had a fire on the hearth, but to make it burn the quicker she threw on a handful of straw. As she threw the beans into the pot to boil, one of them fell on the floor close to a long straw.

Just then a hot coal hopped out of the fire and fell near the straw and the bean. Both cried out, "Dear friend, how came you out here? Don't come too near us until you are cooler."

"Well," said the coal, "I am in luck to get out of the fire. Had I not done so, I should have been burned to ashes by this time."

"And I, too," said the bean, "have escaped

with a whole skin. If the old woman had put me into the pot, I should have been boiled in the broth with all my fellows."

"And I might have met a sad fate," said the straw. "The old woman pushed all my brothers into the fire, but by good luck I escaped."

"Well, now that we three are here, what shall we do with ourselves?" said the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that we should be companions. As we have all barely escaped death here, we should try our fortunes in a new country."

II.

This plan pleased the two others, so they all started together on their journey. After traveling a short distance, they came to a small stream.

There was no bridge over the stream, so they were all puzzled to know how to get across. Many plans were proposed, but none seemed to suit.

At last the straw proposed this plan: "I will lay myself across the stream, and you can walk over on me as on a bridge."

All agreed that this was the thing to do, so

the straw stretched himself from one bank to the other.

The coal, who was rather hot-headed, stepped out boldly on the new bridge. But when he reached the middle of the stream and heard the water rushing beneath, he became very much afraid and stopped.

The poor coal was so frightened that he could go neither forward nor backward. There he stood! The straw began to burn and soon broke into two pieces.

At once the pieces were carried away, and the coal fell into the stream with a hiss. And thus both the straw and the coal met their fate.

All this time the bean remained on the bank. When he saw what had happened, he began to laugh. And he laughed so hard that he burst.

That would have been the last of the bean, too, had not a tailor chanced to come by. He was a kind-hearted man, and when he saw the sad plight of the bean, he pitied him.

So the tailor pulled out his needle and thread, and sewed him together. The bean thanked him for his kindness, but as he used

black thread, all beans since then have a black seam on their sides.

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pā*i*d	serē*a*med	hŭṣ band	Sŭl′tan
flā*i*l	rĕs′e*u*ed	e*o*m′fôrt	ȧ lärm′
to͞oth	sẽrved	ẽ*a*r′nĕst	ȧ wā*i*t′ĕd
spâr*e*	sẽrv′ĭ*ç*e	grāt*e*′fụl	prowl′ĭng
hĕ*dg*e	shĕl′tẽr	grăt′ĭ tūd*e*	tọ-mŏr′rō*w*

XL. OLD SULTAN.

I.

A peasant once had a faithful dog called Sultan. The dog had grown old in his master's service, and now that he had lost his teeth, he could no longer hold anything fast.

One day the peasant stood before the door with his wife, and said to her, "Old Sultan is no longer of any use. I shall shoot him to-morrow."

But the wife pitied the faithful dog, and she said, "How can you do that? Just think how well and long he has served us! I am sure we could spare him enough for his old age."

"No, no!" said her husband, "he has not a tooth in his head. He is of no use in keep-

ing away thieves, for they are not afraid of him; so he may as well go. If he has served us well, he has been well fed."

The poor dog was lying in the sun not far off. He heard all that was said, and it made him very sad to be told that the next day was to be his last.

Now, Sultan had a very good friend in a wolf that lived near. So in the evening he slipped out into the forest to visit this friend and to tell him all about the very sad fate that awaited him.

II.

When the wolf heard Sultan's story, he said, "Take courage; I will help you out of your trouble. I have a plan.

"To-morrow morning your master and his wife are going out into the fields to make hay. They will take their little child with them, and leave it by the hedge while they are at work. You lie down near by, just as if you wished to care for the child.

"I will wait until all is quiet, then I will run out of the wood, seize the child and carry it off. You must set up a great cry and rush after me.

"I will drop the child in the wood, and you shall carry it back to its parents. They will believe that you rescued it, and will be most grateful to you as long as you live."

III.

The wolf's plan pleased the dog, and it was carried out to the letter. The father screamed when he saw the wolf run away with the child; but when Sultan brought it back, his gratitude and joy knew no bounds.

"You dear old dog!" he cried. "You shall never want for food and shelter so long as you live." To his wife he said, "Go home at once and get some bread and milk for old

Sultan. And bring the cushion from my arm-chair; he shall have it for a bed."

By and by Sultan paid the wolf a visit, and told him of his good fortune.

"Good friend," said the wolf, "I suppose you will now shut your eyes and not see me if I carry off one of your master's fat sheep. Food is hard to get these days."

"I will not agree to that," said Sultan. "My master trusts me, and you may be sure that I will be true to him."

The wolf did not believe that the dog spoke in earnest. So one evening he came prowling about the sheep fold. Sultan saw him and gave the alarm.

Before the wolf could seize a sheep, the peasant drove him off with a flail. From this time on, the old dog had every comfort that his heart could wish.

WORD STUDY.

Each of these words means *one* of each object: day, dog, door, chair, cushion, eye, flail, friend, father, forest, head, heart, hedge, letter, master, parent. By adding *s* to each, the words are made to mean *more than one.*

Tell which of these words mean *one*, and which *more than one:* child, children, tooth, teeth, wolf, wolves, wife, wives, thief, thieves.

bĕnt	ĕe*h*′ōed	trŏt′tĕd	vī ŏ lĭn′
fōr*e*	ŏ be̲*y*′	shō*u*l′dĕr	mŭ s̲ĭ′cian
*k*nŏts	ăsp′ĕn	ăp pē*a*l′	prĕs̲′ent lў
rā*i*s̲ed	pȧth′wā*y*	rĕ vĕnġe′	sŭc ç̲eed′ĕd
wĕd*ġ*ed	lo͞ose′lў	bĕ trā*ye*d′	ĕx elā*i*med′

XLI. THE WONDERFUL FIDDLER.

I.

A fiddler once set out on a journey, and on his way he was passing through a great forest. "I am very lonely all by myself," said he. "How I should like to have some companion beside my fiddle!"

Then he slipped his violin out of its case and began to play. Before long a wolf came out of the thicket and trotted toward him. "Ah! here comes a wolf!" said the fiddler to himself, "but I don't want him for a companion."

But the wolf came closer, and said: "Dear fiddler, how sweetly you do play! I wish I could learn."

"You can learn very quickly, if you will do all I tell you," replied the fiddler.

"Oh, indeed! I will obey you in everything, as if I were a pupil and you my teacher."

"Come along, then," said the fiddler, and they walked away together. They had not gone far when they came to a hollow oak tree with a long, narrow hole in its side.

"See!" cried the fiddler; "if you wish to learn to fiddle, just put your forefeet in there," and he pointed to the hole in the tree.

The wolf obeyed, and the fiddler wedged in his feet with a stone so that he could hardly move. "Stay there till I come back," said the musician, as he went on his way.

II.

After going on for some distance, the fiddler began to say to himself, "Here I am still alone in the wood; suppose I try for another partner." So he took his fiddle and played again.

The sweet music echoed through the forest, and presently a fox appeared. "Ah, here comes a fox!" said the fiddler, "but I do not want him for a partner."

"What beautiful music!" exclaimed the fox. "I should like to be able to play like you."

"There is no trouble in your learning to

play as I do," answered the fiddler. "Will you do as I tell you?"

"Indeed I will," he replied. "I will obey you as a good pupil obeys his teacher."

"Follow me, then," said the fiddler; so they walked on together. At last they came to a pathway on each side of which grew high bushes.

The fiddler bent down a tall bush and placed his foot on it. Then he bent a bush on the other side of the path and stood on it. Then he said, "Come, little foxy, if you wish to learn music, and give me your left forefoot."

The fox obeyed, and the fiddler tied it to a bush. "Now, your right forefoot," said the fiddler, and he tied it tight to the other bush.

After seeing that the knots were hard and tight, the fiddler lifted his feet. Up sprang the bushes, and there hung the fox across the pathway. "Wait till I return," said the fiddler, and away he went.

III.

After a while he began to feel lonely again. So he took up his violin and played a lively tune. In a few minutes a hare appeared.

"Here comes a hare!" cried the fiddler. "I don't want her for a companion."

But the hare was so pleased by the music that she came up and said: "Your playing delights me. How I wish I could learn!"

"It is not hard to learn, if you will only do as I tell you," said the fiddler.

"Good fiddler," said the hare, "only teach me to play as you do! I will obey your every word."

Then they walked on together until they came to a clear place in the wood where an aspen tree grew. The fiddler then took a long string out of his pocket. He tied one

end of it loosely round the hare's neck, and fastened the other to the tree.

Now said the fiddler: "Gay little hare, do as I tell you. Run twenty times around that tree."

The hare obeyed, and then found that she could not move without cutting her neck with the string. And so the fiddler left his third prisoner, saying, "Stay there till I come."

IV.

All this time the wolf had been twisting and trying to get free. At last he succeeded, and then, full of rage, he hastened after the fiddler. On his way he saw the fox hanging across the pathway.

"Dear cousin," cried the fox, "do come and help me. The fiddler has betrayed me."

On hearing this appeal, the wolf drew down the bush, untied the string with his teeth, and set the fox free. Then they both started off together, bent on having revenge. On their way they found the hare, and quickly set her free.

But while all this was going on, the fiddler had played another tune. The sweet tones

of his violin reached the ears of a poor woodcutter. He was so delighted that he left his work, and with his ax on his shoulder went to meet the fiddler.

"At last here comes the right companion for me!" cried the fiddler. "It was men I wanted, not wild beasts."

Then he played his sweetest notes, and the woodcutter listened with delight. And now up came the wolf, the fox, and the hare, all showing that they wanted revenge.

At this the new friend stepped before the fiddler and raised his sharp ax. "Beware!" said he; "who touches him must deal with me. Away with you!"

With this the animals all turned tail and ran into the wood. The woodcutter took the fiddler to his cottage, and remained his friend ever after.

WORD BUILDING.

Some form of each of these words is found in this lesson. Form two other words from each of them by adding *er* meaning *more,* and *est* meaning *most.*

sweet	quick	gay	poor
dear	tall	new	sharp
hard	tight	fast	close
high	clear	wild	loose

trăp	ạl′tär	pärt′nẽrṣ	gŏd′chīld
erŭm*b*	ȧ brô*a*d′	sāf*e*′tў	gŏd′fä thẽr
sôrts	rẽ fūṣ*e*′	fē*a*st′ĭng	cŏn sĕnt′ĕd
fā′vŏr	dẹ̆ vour′	ŭn hē*a*rd′	ĭm ăġ′ĭn*e*

XLII. THE CAT AND MOUSE AS PARTNERS.

I.

Once upon a time a cat and a mouse became very great friends. So it was agreed that they should become partners and keep house together.

"We must provide for the winter," said the cat, "or we shall go hungry. And you, little mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So it was agreed that they should buy a little pot of fat. But when they had the fat, they could not tell where to put it for safety.

At last the cat said: "There could be no better place than the church, for no one would steal there. We will set it under the altar, and not touch it until we are really in want."

So this was done, and the pot of fat was stowed away snug and safe. But before long the cat was seized with a great longing to taste it.

"Listen to me, little mouse," said he. "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to her little son. So let me go to-day, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, certainly," answered the mouse. "Go by all means; and when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me."

II.

Now there was not a word of truth in all this; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather. What the cat did do was to go to the church and lick the top off of the pot of fat. Then he took a walk through the town, stretched himself in the sun, and quite enjoyed himself. When it was evening he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the mouse. "You had a merry time?"

"Oh, yes, very good," answered the cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the mouse.

"Top-off," answered the cat dryly.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse. "That is a most peculiar name. Is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the cat.

"It's no worse than Crumb-picker, as your godchild was called."

Not long after this the cat was again seized with a longing. He said to the mouse, "Again I must ask you to do me a favor, and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand godfather, and I can not well refuse."

Again the kind little mouse consented. The cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church. Then he went straight to the pot of fat and devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes half so well as what one keeps to himself," said he. He was quite content with the day's work. When he reached home the mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"Half-gone," answered the cat.

"Half-gone!" cried the mouse; "I never heard such a name!"

III.

Ere long the cat's mouth began to water again for the fat. "Good things always come in threes," said he to the mouse. "Again I have been asked to stand godfather. The little one is quite black, with white feet, and not a white hair on its body; such a thing

does not happen every day, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off, Half-gone," said the mouse; "they are such peculiar names, I can not but wonder at them."

"That's because you are always sitting at home," answered the cat. "You never get abroad and see the world, but stay here and imagine all sorts of things."

So while the little mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order, the greedy cat went and made an end of the pot of fat.

"Now all is finished, one's mind will be easy," said he. In the evening he came home, and at once the mouse asked him what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the cat. "It is All-gone."

"All-gone!" cried the mouse. "What an unheard-of name! All-gone! What can it mean?"

But after that the cat was not asked to stand godfather. By and by winter came, and nothing was to be had out of doors. Then the mouse began to think of their store which had been put away so snug and safe under the altar.

"Come, cat," said she, "we can now enjoy our pot of fat. How good it will taste!"

"Yes," said the cat, "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out of the window."

So they set out for the church. When they reached the altar they found the pot, but it was empty.

"Now," cried the mouse, "I understand it all! Now I know what kind of partner you have been! You have devoured it all! First Top-off, then Half-gone, then —"

"Will you hold your tongue?" screamed the cat. "Another word and I devour you, too!"

But the poor little mouse had "All-gone" on the end of her tongue, and out it came. So the cat seized her and then and there made an end of her.

THE MACRON AND BREVE.

The *macron* is used to indicate the regular long sounds of the vowels, as in: nāme, lāte, wē, whīte, gō, tūne, drȳ, bo͞ot, so͞on.

The *breve* is used to indicate the regular short sounds of the vowels, as in: făt, yĕs, dĭd, nŏt, snŭg, ĕmp'tў, fo͝ot.

Give the sounds represented by *y* in "dryly."

These sounds are represented by what other letter?

Copy all the words on the first page of this lesson that contain regular *long* or *short* vowel sounds; indicate these sounds by the proper marks.

flāme	rīṣ′ĕṣ	stŭd′y̆	sŭb′stançe
sōurçe	hēat′ĕd	eăn′dle	sŭr rounḍs′
eąuṣe	lāy′ẽr	ĕx ĭst′	răp′ĭd ly̆
līveṣ	līght′ẽr	sûr′fāçe	ĕx tĭn′guĭsh ĕṣ

XLIII. THE AIR.

When we begin to study closely the things in the world around us, one of the first to set us thinking is the air. We do not see it, and yet it is present wherever we go. What is this air?

Although we can not see it, yet air is a real substance. When you fan yourself, the fan does not touch you. What is it that you feel on your face?

When you blow out a lamp or candle, your lips do not touch the flame. It is the air that strikes the flame and extinguishes it.

Air surrounds the earth. Go where we will, we find it. Indeed, we need air every minute of our lives. Men have lived for days without food or water, but they can not exist even one hour without air.

Why is it that the branches of the trees toss and swing one day, and are quiet and still the next? You say the wind blew one day and the next it was calm and still. But what is the wind?

Wind is air in motion. Sometimes it moves so fast that the clouds are sent flying through the sky, and trees and houses are blown down. And what makes the wind blow?

The principal cause is heat. As you know, the sun is the great source of heat. The rays of the sun in passing through the air do very little in the way of warming it. The heat goes through the air and warms the surface of the earth.

Both land and water are heated by the sun's rays. The layer of air next to the earth becomes warm, and the warmer it gets, the lighter it is. Then the warmed air rises while the cold air flows in to take its place. This flowing in of air is *wind.*

Wind is nothing more than air moving near the surface of the earth. During a storm it moves very rapidly. When it moves slowly, we call it a gentle breeze. But in storm, or breeze, or calm, the air is ever the same, and always around us.

snăt*c*h grȧss′ĕs̱ seăt′tĕr wĭn′dō*w* pān*e*

XLIV. THE WORK OF THE WINDS.

High and low the spring winds blow!
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low the summer winds blow!
They dance and play with the garden flowers
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window pane.

High and low the autumn winds blow!
They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low the winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

ōwe	vā′pŏr	flee′çў	ĕm ploy*e*d′
spȯnġe	ăb sôrbs′	bŭb′blĭng	ĭn vĭs′ĭ ble
păt′tĕr	quạr′tẽrs	fī′nal lў	ăp prē′çĭ āte
ū nīte′	hŭr′rĭed	sī′lent lў	ē văp ŏ rā′tiȯn

XLV. WATER AND ITS TRAVELS.

I.

Water is one of the commonest things in the world. Indeed, it is so common that we

often forget how much we owe to it. It is only when we can not get water easily that we begin to appreciate its value.

We know there is cool water in the wells and springs. And how sweet it tastes on a hot summer's day!

We have seen the little brook as it hurries along to join the river. Fed by many streams, the river grows broad and deep, and finally loses itself in the great lake or wide ocean.

The water, starting at some spring, has traveled on and on, through rill and river. It has hurried down the valley, past the farms, and at last found a home in the rolling ocean.

Are its travels now ended? No; the ocean is only a resting place in its long journey. "Where can the water go from the ocean?" you may ask.

"Up into the clouds," is the answer. Then you ask, "How does it get there?" This is a hard question to answer so that you will understand it.

II.

There are two things employed in forming clouds from water — these are the air and heat. During all the day sunbeams are at work on the surface of the ocean.

The little sunbeams come down through the air. They warm the water on the surface and change its tiny drops into invisible vapor. Then slowly and silently the air absorbs this vapor, just as a sponge absorbs water.

This change from water to vapor is called *evaporation.* Evaporation is going on every day. All day long the air is carrying off vapor from the surface of every body of water on the face of the earth.

It is said that three-quarters of an inch of water is changed into vapor and carried off from the surface of the Indian Ocean in one day and night. This ocean is in one of the hottest parts of the earth's surface, and the sunbeams are most active there.

But even from that part of the sea near our own country, many feet of water are changed into vapor every year. What becomes of all this water?

III.

Let us follow the vapor as it rises from the sea. As you have learned, the layer of air nearest the surface becomes warm and rises. As it goes up, it carries some vapor along with it. The higher it goes the cooler it gets.

At last the invisible vapor forms tiny water drops. These drops unite and form clouds, which sometimes hang in the sky like great curtains.

You have often seen the clouds as they go sailing through the sky. At one time they

are high and fleecy, and look as if they were made of the lightest snow. At another time they are low and dark.

As you go home, look up at the clouds and remember that the vapor of which they are made has been drawn up through the air. They may have come from many miles away, but you may be sure that their vapor has been taken from some part of our earth.

But the same clouds do not always hang in the sky. Sometimes the wind carries them away out of our sight. Sometimes they disappear right before our eyes in another way.

A cold wind, or one full of vapor, may come along. As it passes through the clouds, it makes their water drops so heavy that the air can not hold them.

What happens then? Down they go to the earth! A shower of rain is falling. The drops patter on the ground. On hill and valley, on field and road they fall.

Some drops sink down into the earth, and at last come to the light again in a bubbling spring. So we have followed the drops of water on their long travels, and now they are ready for another journey.

sĭft	blād*e*	sprĭn̲′kl*e*	glånç′ĭng
brĭsk	lăd′dĕr	tĭn̲′klĭng	strīd′ĭng
twĭg	*e*lĭng′ĭng	trĭ*e*′klĭng	slīd′ĭng

XLVI. THE MERRY RAIN.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain,
Tapping on the window pane;
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding, forcing
Tiny rills
To the dripping window sills.

Laughing raindrops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift;
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Through the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around
Is a ladder to the ground;
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy, pattering hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way;
Rushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

Oh, the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing
All around, —
Listen to its cheery sound!

WORD STUDY.

Pronounce these words and tell how many syllables in each:
tapping, dripping, tripping, skipping, slipping.

From what short words are the above words made? What is added to each? Which letter is doubled?

SEAT WORK.

Suffix *ed* and *ing* to the words below, being careful to double the last letter of each word:

rub	tip	tug	pat	hop
pin	trap	dig	pet	stop
rob	clap	drag	nod	flap
hum	strip	beg	trot	wrap

hāil	freez′ĕs	flōat′ĭng	mois′tūre
sĭnk	frō′zen	brĭt′tle	ŏc′eŭ pȳ
erŏps	pĭtch′ĕr	pĕb′ble	pär′tĭ elĕs
stēam	ŏc eûr′	liq′uid	hĕav′ĭ ĕr
flākes	dăm′ăġe	(lĭk′wĭd)	ĕx çĕp′tiŏn

XLVII. FORMS AND USES OF WATER.

I.

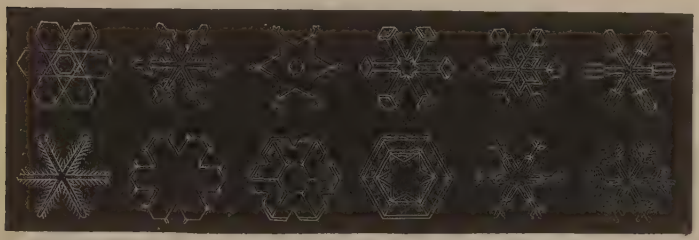
On a warm day you may have noticed drops of water on the outside of a glass filled with cold water. Did you ever ask how they came there? Of course, the moisture did not come through the glass.

On a bright, clear morning you may have found the grass and leaves and flowers quite wet. There was no rain during the night. How then did it happen that the plants were covered with moisture?

The moisture on the outside of the glass and on the plants came from the air. The air always holds some invisible vapor, and when the vapor touches something cold, like a glass or a blade of grass, it forms tiny drops of dew. Dew is one of the forms of water, and when dew is frozen we call it *frost.*

Sometimes the moisture in the clouds is

cooled in such a way as to make snow. How beautiful the flakes are as they come floating slowly and softly down through the air!



The fleecy flakes do not look much like water, but you can easily prove that they are one of its forms. How can you do this?

II.

Did you ever go skating on a pond? If you did, you know what ice is. Ice is one of the forms of frozen water. Water is a liquid. When water freezes it becomes a clear and brittle solid.

Most things occupy less space after they are frozen than they do before. Water is an exception to this rule, since it fills less space in its liquid than in its solid form.

If you drop a piece of ice and a pebble into a pitcher of water, one will float and the other will sink. Which will float?

Did you ever think what might happen if ice were heavier than water? What would become of the fish in many lakes and rivers?

Sometimes when a cold wind suddenly strikes a cloud, it freezes the moisture and forms small lumps of ice. These lumps fall, and are called *hail*.

Hail is another of the solid forms of water. At times hailstorms occur in the summer. They sweep over the country, and do great damage to the crops of grain and fruit.

III.

Something has been said about an invisible vapor which is found in the air. This vapor is made by the sunbeams acting on water. *Steam* is another invisible vapor which is made from water.

When water is boiled some of its particles are changed into steam. Steam is a great worker. It has been made to help us in many ways.

We say the engine draws the train of cars. But what moves the engine? It is steam. Steam is an invisible worker, but it has done more wonders than all the fairies ever dreamed of.

Steam drives the great ship across the broad ocean. It moves the press that prints books and papers. It turns the wheels of mills, and does no end of useful things.

So when we hold a glass of water, we may think of the many forms it may take. We shall see in it what may sometime become steam or other vapor, clouds, rain, dew, frost, hail, snow, or ice.

That all these should be different forms of the same thing is a wonder and nothing less. Heat changes water into steam. It is heat also that changes frost, hail, snow, and ice into water, and the sunbeams bring the heat to our earth.

Lȳle	rīp′en	ŭn tīed′	pū′rĭ tў
Ē′dĭth	slīm′ў	pōr′tiȯn	ȼīr′cū̆ lăr
frāȧl	mŭd′dў	spŏt′lĕss	ō′pen ĭng
stĕm	mēre′lў	serăm′bled	ĕx ăm′ĭn ĭng

XLVIII. THE WATER LILY.

Edith and Lyle were visiting their uncle who lived in the country. One hot August morning they went with him to the mill pond to get water lilies. The lilies grow in ponds where the water is not deep.

The children had never seen water lilies growing. They thought the broad flat lily pads floating on the surface of the water a very pretty sight, indeed. Here and there a pure white blossom appeared above the water, and seemed to look straight up to the sky.

"Oh! there's a rowboat!" cried Lyle.

"Give us a ride, Uncle Ned," said Edith. "Please do."

"Will you, Uncle Ned, will you?" said Lyle.

"Why, yes, I guess I will," said their uncle. "Jump in."

The children scrambled into the boat, while he untied the rope which fastened it to a tree growing on the bank. What fun it was! Soon they gathered their hands full of the pure white lilies, to take home.

At first Lyle thought that the lilies merely floated on the surface. But when he tried to take one, he found that its long, slimy stem reached far down to the bottom where the roots were buried in the mud and sand. He found, too, that the long stems which looked so frail and tender were very strong.

"O, look, Lyle!" cried Edith, as she held up a portion of a stem she had broken off; "I can look right through this stem just as

we did through the pieces of oat straw we played with this morning."

"That's so," said Lyle, breaking off a piece of the stem and examining it. "But there is more than one opening. Why, Edith, the lily

stem is made up of four little circular tubes bound together."

And so they talked about the lilies, and asked their uncle if he would bring them again in the evening to gather more.

"Not in the evening," said he. "The morning is the best time to get pond lilies, for their beautiful flowers close very early in the afternoon."

When the water lily is ready to close so that its seed may ripen, it bows its head and sinks beneath the water. There on the dark, muddy bottom it finishes its work.

We sometimes hear that the sweet, spotless lily stands for purity. In the olden time people said that its heart was bright and golden, because it looked at the sun so steadily. They believed then, as we do now, that we grow like the people and things we love.

ġẽrm	pẽr fôrm′	wạl′nŭt	ĭm pôr′tant
ġĕmṣ	sẽ lĕets′	chĕs*t*′nŭt	ĕx ăm′ĭn*e*
dĕck*e*d (t)	sĕl′dȯm	hĭck′ŏ rў	fȧ mĭl′iăr
tọm*b*ṣ	rē*a*′ṣon	e*o*t′t*o*n	ŏe e*o*r′rĭng
Ē′ġўpt	ĕn′tẽr*e*d	e*o*v′ẽr ĭngṣ	pўr′ȧ mĭdṣ

XLIX. SOMETHING ABOUT SEEDS.

I.

We have learned something of the wonderful things that are going on every day in the sky and in the waters on the surface of our earth. We have followed the drops of water on their travels. We have seen how they are changed from liquid to gas and solid, and back again to liquid.

Day after day these changes are going on in the brooks, rivers, lakes, and oceans. They are interesting and wonderful, but not more wonderful than other things that are occurring all around us. The sunshine and the air perform wonders on the land as well as on the water.

When you walk out on a bright summer day, you will see many kinds of plants. There are the flowers in the garden, the fruit trees in the orchard, the grasses and grains in the fields, the weeds by the roadside, the water plants of the streams and ponds, and the great trees in the forest.

Did you ever think that all these came from seeds? Tiny seeds are put into the ground; the rain moistens them; the sunbeams warm them; tender little plants break through the soil. By and by we see flowers, fields of grass and grain, and even trees, — all started from seeds.

If you wish to know about seeds you must study them, as well as read about them. I suppose you are quite familiar with some seeds. You should be able to tell at sight peas, beans, oats, rye, wheat, and corn. Have you ever seen them growing?

In one end of a grain of corn you will find a sort of little eye; under it is the *germ*. It is only a small part of the whole grain, but it is the most important part. If you cut out the germ and plant what is left, you will never raise a stalk of corn.

II.

The germ is the part of the seed that shows the only sign of growth. If the germ is a living one, the seed will grow when it is properly planted and cared for.

Would you like to see how seeds look when they begin to grow? If so, fill a glass with water, and cover it with cotton or wool. On this, place a few beans and grains of corn, and set the glass in a window. In a few days you will find the seed sprouted.

In a short time you will see tender little leaves in the air, and soft little roots in the water. No matter how you place the seeds, that is the way they grow. A plant never makes a mistake, but always sends the leaves up and the roots down.

When you examine different kinds of seeds, you will find as many different coverings. All the grains, such as wheat and rye, have

very thin coverings. You can break the shell of an acorn or chestnut very easily. You know how hard a blow it takes to crack a walnut or hickory nut.

But when you put even these hard nuts into the moist, warm soil, the germs begin to swell. At last they burst the coverings, and free themselves from their little prisons. Once out of the prison, the tender plant sends its leaves into the air above, while its roots go down into the soil.

III.

As you know, the farmer stores his seed corn in the fall and plants it the next spring. He knows how important it is to have good seed, so he selects it with care.

You may ask, "If the farmer were to keep the seed for years, would it still grow?" A story which comes from a far-away land may help to answer this question.

If you look on a map of Africa, you will find a country called Egypt. The river Nile flows through it. The banks of the Nile are mostly low and its valley is flat.

It seldom rains in Egypt, and yet the valley of the Nile produces much wheat. The

reason is that the river overflows its banks every year. As the waters sweep out over the valley, they carry soft, rich mud and spread it all over the low lands.

By and by the water goes down. The grain that was sown sprouts quickly, and soon the wide fields are covered with a carpet of green. And thus wheat has been raised along the Nile for thousands of years.

Some of the old kings of Egypt built great tombs of stone, in which their bodies were placed at death. Some of these tombs are called pyramids. For a long time no one could find a way inside of the pyramids.

But finally they were entered. The bodies

of the kings were found all decked in gems and gold. Seeds were found, too; they must have lain there thousands of years.

It is said that some of these seeds were planted, and that they grew. So the germs must have been alive all the years that the seeds lay in the tombs.

REVIEW OF SOUNDS.

Compare the sounds represented by ȳ and ī, y̆ and ĭ in these words:

rȳe	kīnd	Ē'gy̆pt	kĭng
trȳ	tīme	my̆ths	rĭch
skȳ	tī'ny̆	py̆r'a mĭdṣ	tĭm'ĭd
rhȳme	tī'gẽr	rhy̆th'mĭe	pĭt'y̆

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râre *k*nŏcks lōre pow'ẽr

L. RHYMES ABOUT SEEDS.

As wonderful things are hidden away
In the heart of a little brown seed,
As ever were found in the fairy book
In which we sometimes read.

Over its pretty and shining coat
We sprinkle the earth so brown;
The sunshine warms its lowly bed,
And the rain comes dropping down.

Patter, patter, the soft, warm rain
  Knocks at the tiny door;
And two little heads come peeping out,
  Like a story in fairy lore.

A little plant has come to life;
  Its work has just begun, —
It brings the leaves, and flowers, and seeds,
  Before its work is done.

Some little black things, shining and round,
Were scattered lightly over the ground;
We covered them up and went our way,
And came again on another day.

Then each wee thing, by some strange power,
Had brought for us, a rare, sweet flower.
Kind thoughts and words we plant as seeds, —
Some day they blossom into deeds.

REVIEW OF SOUNDS.

Broad ạ — Long Italian ä.

ạll	drạwn	ärm	pärt′ĭng
wạrm	eạlled	färm	stärt′ĭng
wạ′tẽr	quạr′tẽr	därk	härd′lў
sạw′çẽr	tạlk′ĭng	märk	tär′dў
tạught	wạlk′ĭng	spärk	där′lĭng

fĭr	lōbed	sŭn′dew	Vē′nŭs′s
vein	drowned	flȳ′trăp	rĕad′ ĭ lȳ
hŭll	hĭnge	nĕt′work	păr′al lĕl
pōres	dĭf′fēr	sē crēte′	ŭn dĭ vīd′ĕd
lŭngs	çē′dăr	vĭc′tĭm	nĕt′-veined

LI. SOMETHING ABOUT LEAVES.

I.

How many different leaves can you name at sight? Leaves differ so much in form that after a little study you can name quite a number at a glance.

Hold up an oak or a maple leaf to the light. You will see veins running through it and forming a network. All such leaves are said to be *net-veined.*

If you examine a blade of grass or of corn, you will find the veins running side by side. Every blade of grass or of corn has veins running in that way, and such leaves are called *parallel-veined.*

Now, if you were to take the covering off of a bean or an acorn, you could easily separate each into two nearly equal parts. Try it. All seeds like these are called *two-lobed.*

If you take the hull off of a grain of corn

or of wheat, it does not readily separate into parts. All seeds like these are called *undivided.*

Just here you should note a peculiar thing. The leaves of the oak and maple are net-veined, and their seeds are two-lobed; the leaves of corn and wheat are *parallel-veined*, and the seeds are *undivided.* So, by looking at a leaf, you can often tell something about the seed that produced the plant.

The under surface of a leaf has many little openings or pores in it. What are these pores for? We breathe pure air through our lungs; the plant breathes a gas in the air through its leaves. So leaves are a very important part of a plant; when they die, the plant ceases to grow.

II.

The leaves of most trees are green during the summer, but they change in the autumn. What more glorious sight than a maple tree after a frost or two! In a single tree almost every shade of color may be seen, from the brightest green to the deepest red.

The leaves of some trees do not change their color. The hemlock, the fir, the pine,

and the cedar are *evergreens.* The leaves of these trees are peculiar in shape. The leaves of the pine are needle-shaped.

Leaves differ very much in size. The leaves of the palm tree are sometimes used for fans; indeed, some palm leaves are much too large for fans, — they are often two or three feet across.

Here is the picture of a plant called *sundew.* Its leaves are covered with hairs which secrete a sticky substance like dew. As soon as a fly alights on the leaf of the sundew, the hairs seize their victim and hold it until it is dead.

The pitcher plant has a peculiar leaf. In the young plant the lid of the pitcher is closed; but with age the lid rises on a hinge, and thus opens the pitcher.

This cup or pitcher is full of sap. Flies and other insects often get into it and are drowned. Indeed, this

plant destroys these insects for the purpose of using them for food.

There is a plant called Venus's flytrap. It is well named, for any poor fly that lights upon its leaves is seized and devoured.

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pĭth rē mo͟ve′ bȧ nä′nȧ Ŏr′ē gŏn
päl*m* c͡ŏm pâre′ ăd dĭ′tiȯn͟s C͡ăl ĭ fôr′nĭ ȧ
e͟i*gh*t′ў lŭm′bĕr c͡ôrn′sta͟lk dĭf′fẽr en͟ce
nīne′tў sĕc′tiȯn ġĕn′tle man c͡īr c͡ŭm′fẽr en͟ce
ĕn′dō ġĕn͟s, *in-growing.* ĕx′ō ġĕn͟s, *out-growing.*

LII. SOMETHING ABOUT STALKS AND TRUNKS.

I.

If you examine a twig from a maple tree, you will find a covering that you can easily remove. So it is with trunk and branches of our common forest trees, — all are covered with bark.

Examine a stalk of wheat or rye. It is smooth, round, and strong for so slender a thing, but you find no bark on it. The common grasses and grains have *parallel-veined* leaves, and their stalks are without bark.

The leaves of the oak and maple are *net-veined*, and these trees are covered with bark.

In fact plants which bear *net-veined* leaves have bark on them. So with the difference which we noted in the seeds, there appears also a difference in the leaves and stalks.

Let us compare a cornstalk and the branch of some tree like the maple. The outside of the cornstalk is hard; its inside is a large, soft pith. In the branch there is first the bark, then the hard wood, and in the center a very small pith.

The cornstalk grows by additions to its inside. Sugar-cane, palm trees, and banana trees grow in this way; they are called *in-growing* plants, or *endogens*.

Did you ever examine a section of a maple log? Did you count the rings, or layers of wood? Every year the growing tree forms a layer of wood just inside of the bark. All our common trees grow in this way; they are called *out-growers*, or *exogens*.

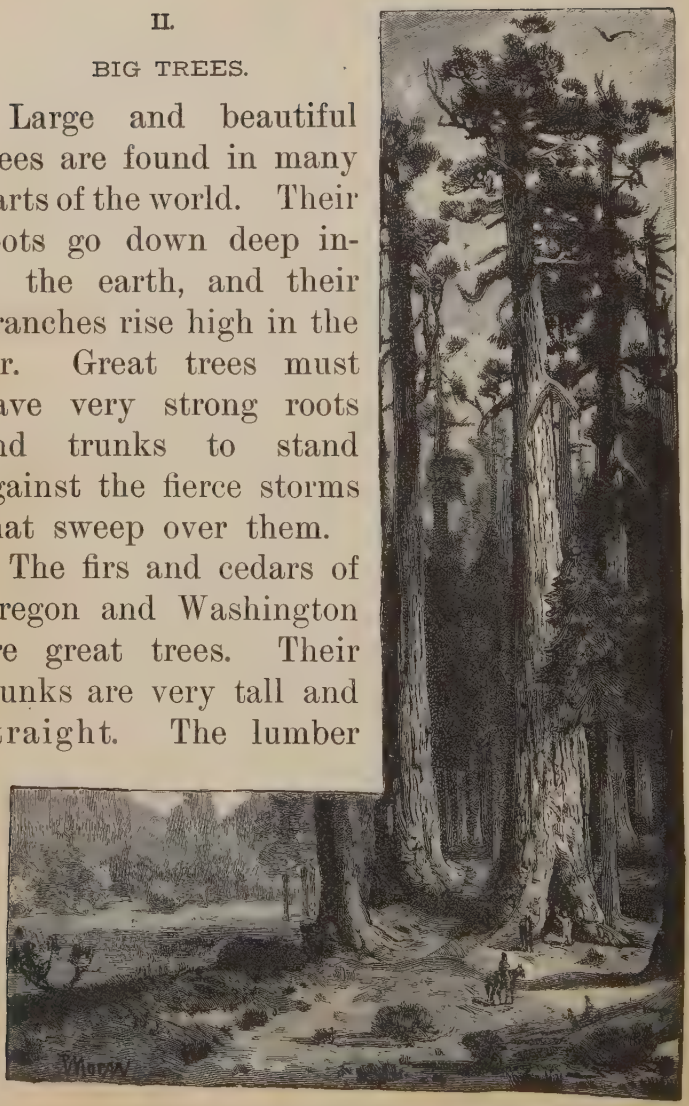
Every year the growing tree is writing its story. This story is not written in words, — it is in the rings of wood, one of which is added each year. When the tree is cut down you can read the story. You can tell how many years the tree lived, and how much it grew each year.

II.

BIG TREES.

Large and beautiful trees are found in many parts of the world. Their roots go down deep into the earth, and their branches rise high in the air. Great trees must have very strong roots and trunks to stand against the fierce storms that sweep over them.

The firs and cedars of Oregon and Washington are great trees. Their trunks are very tall and straight. The lumber



made from them is carried on ships to many parts of the world.

But it is in California that the largest trees are found. Some of the Big Trees which grow there are three hundred feet high and ninety feet in circumference. Through an opening at the foot of one of these a horse and wagon can be driven.

A short time ago a gentleman in England gave a dinner to some of his friends. Twenty-seven people sat down at the table at the same time. The table was eighty-one feet in circumference, and was made of a cross-section of one tree.

There is only one place in the world where the wood for such a table could be found, — that is in California. The gentleman had sent there for a section of one of the Big Trees, and from it he made his table.

PRONOUNCING EXERCISE.

Give the sound represented by *y* in:

yĕs yĕt yärd yēar yïēld

In the last syllables below, *i* represents the sound of *y*:

ūn′ion ġēn′iŭs ŏ pĭn′ion pĕ eūl′iăr
ŏn′ion mĭl′lion eŏm păn′ion fá mĭl′iăr

mȧsts	plăn̲k	rȧft′ĕr̲s	€*h*rĭst′mas
sāi̇l̲s	gāle̲s	shĭn̲′gle̲s	dāi̇′lў

LIII. THE TREES.

What do we see in the lofty trees?
We see the ship which will cross the seas;
We see the masts to carry the sails;
We see the plank to weather the gales.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor;
We plant the shade before the door.

A thousand things that we daily see
Are brought to us from the waving tree;
A thousand things on land and sea
Are planted by us when we plant the tree.

Which is the best of all the trees?
Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
That for a hundred years has stood?
Is it the tall and gloomy pine,
With its million needles, sharp and fine?

Of all the trees in east or west,
Our *Christmas* tree is the very best.

chärm	Greek	ăs′tẽr	e*o*m bīn*e*′
pĭn̲ks	glō′rў	ôr′*eh*ĭd	b*ea*ū′tў
p*ea*r	spī′dẽr	prĭm′rō̲s*e*	dẽ lī′ci*o*ŭs
pē*a*ch	ō′dŏr	trŭmp′ĕt	ŭn plĕ*a*s̲′ant
dȯv*e*	pẽr′fūm*e*	vī′ō lĕt	dăn′dẽ lī ȯn

LIV. SOMETHING ABOUT FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

I.

Plants produce stalks and leaves, flowers and fruits. How beautiful some of the flowers are! How sweet and delicious are some of the fruits!

Flowers perform an important part in the life of all plants. Every plant and tree produces some sort of blossom or flower. If the little flower bud is killed by frost, there will be no fruit that year.

We love the apple blossoms for their sweet perfumes and beautiful colors. We love them, too, because they tell us of the ripe fruit that is to come.

Pinks and roses charm the eye and please the smell. Such flowers combine bright colors and sweet perfumes; and all such are favorites.

Did you ever walk in an orchard when the trees were in blossom? The trees look glorious

then. The peach and the pear, the cherry and the plum, — each has a beauty and a perfume of its own.

There are wonderful differences in the shapes, sizes, colors, and perfumes of flowers. Some beautiful flowers have no odor, and others have an unpleasant one. The pink, the lilac, and the violet have given their names to colors.

II.

The names of some flowers tell us something of their forms. The sunflower was thought to look like the sun. The bluebell has a blue, bell-shaped flower. The buttercup takes its name from its color and cup shape. There is a large family of flowers called asters; they are star-shaped. The word *aster* comes from a Greek word, and means a *star*.

The trumpet flower is shaped like a trumpet. The *orchid* family is a large one. Its flowers are noted for their fine colors and peculiar shapes. Some orchids are shaped like a butterfly, some like a spider, and others like a dove.

Then, too, flowers differ in their habits. Nearly all of them turn to the light as if they loved it; but some of them close up when the sunlight is too bright.

The tulips shut up at night as if they were going to sleep. The morning-glory tells a story, — it is glorious in the morning, but snugly curled up in the evening.

The dandelion and daisy close at night, but the next morning they open as bright as ever. The modest little daisy tells us that it is the *day's eye*, — at the first dawn of day it opens its eye. *Dandelion* means *lion's tooth*, — an odd name for so gentle a flower.

The four-o'clock and the evening primrose do not like the rays of the sun, — they hide away during the day, but open about sunset.

Mother Nature has scattered flowers up and down the earth. She has planted them on the mountains, in the valleys, on the prairies, in the forests. Wherever we go, we are greeted by their sweet odors and beautiful forms.

wăx	tĕst	bŭnch′ĕs	Shē′bȧ
bădȩ	choiçȩ	bŭzz′ĭng	*k*nŏ*w*l′ĕdġȩ
fowls	cō*u*rt	trăm′plȩ	glĭt′tẽred
wēa*k*	wĭs′dȯm	yŏn′dĕr	ĕx ăct′lў
fāmȩ	ärt′ĭst	cȯm plāi*n*′	cȯm′pȧ nў

LV. SOLOMON AND THE BEE.

Long ago there lived in the East the greatest and wisest king in the world. It was believed that no one could ask him a question which he could not answer.

Wise men came from far and near, but they were never able to puzzle King Solomon. He knew all the trees and plants. He understood beasts, fowls, and creeping things almost as well as he did people.

The fame of his knowledge spread into all lands. In the South, the great Queen of Sheba heard of the wonderful wisdom of Solomon and said, "I shall test his power for myself."

She picked some clover blossoms from the field and bade a great artist make, in wax, flowers, and leaves exactly like them.

She was much pleased when they were finished, for she herself could see no difference between the two bunches.

She carried them to the king, and said, "Choose, O wise king, which are the real flowers."

At first Solomon was puzzled, but soon he saw a bee buzzing at the window.

"Ah," said he, "here is one come to help me in my choice. Throw open the window for my friend."

Then the Queen of Sheba bowed her head, and said, "You are indeed a wise king, but I begin to understand your wisdom. I thank you for this lesson."

—Flora J. Cooke, in "Nature Myths and Stories."

SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

When the Queen of Sheba started back to her home, King Solomon and all his court went with her to the gates of the city.

It was a glorious sight: the king and queen rode upon white horses; the purple and scarlet coverings of their followers glittered with silver and gold. The king looked down and saw an ant hill in the path before them.

"See yonder little people," he said. "Do you hear what they are saying as they run about so wildly? They say, 'Here comes the king men call wise and good and great. He will trample us under his cruel feet.'"

"They should be proud to die under the feet of such a king," said the queen. "How dare they complain?"

"Not so, great queen," replied the king. He turned his horse aside, and all his followers did the same. When the great company had passed there was the ant hill unharmed in the path.

The queen said, "Happy indeed must be your people, wise king. I shall remember the lesson. He only is noble and great who cares for the helpless and weak."

sō*ar*	thrō*at*	çē*il*′ĭng	a′ny one
sprĕ*ad*	tȯng*ue*	ăr rānġ*ed*′	sĕv′ĕr al
păd̲s	flū′ĭd	ĕn ā′ble	sûr′fā̆ çĕ̲s
flīe̲s	stĭck′ў	smōō*th*	măg′nĭ fī*ed*

LVI. A HOUSE FLY'S STORY.

I am a fly, — only a common little house fly. And yet I am quite as wonderful in my way as are the elephant and the lion.

True, I am small; but has any one told you of the wonders of my body? Do you know about my wings and my feet and my eyes?

A Fly (*Magnified*).

My two wings are light and thin, but they are strong. I can spread them out and soar about like a bird. What would you not give if you could do the same?

You have a tongue with which you talk, and your voice comes from your throat. It is not so with us flies, — we sing with our wings.

And then there are my feet. You can walk and run about very well on the floor. Did you ever try to walk on the ceiling or on a smooth wall? I can walk on either of them just as well as on the top of the table.

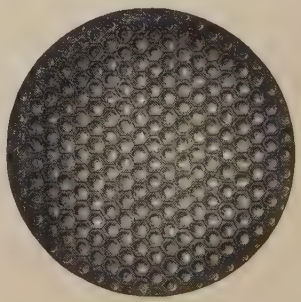
Foot of a Fly (*Magnified*).

My six feet are very peculiar. On each foot I have two claws, between which are two pads. These pads are covered with short hairs that secrete a sticky fluid.

My claws help me to hold to rough things, and my pads enable me to stick to smooth surfaces. Now you know why I can walk upside down with ease, even on a very smooth ceiling.

Sometimes you try to catch me. You raise your hand behind me, but I am off before you can strike me. Would you like to know how it happens that I can get away so easily?

You may think I have only two eyes like yours. But I have many eyes, though they do not move about like yours.



Eye of a Fly (*Magnified*).

Each of the eyes that you see in my head is made of many little eyes. Indeed, there are several hundred of them, though each is very small.

These little eyes are so arranged that I can look above and around me. I can do this without moving my head, — so now you know

why I am up and away so quickly when you try to catch me.

I have told you only a few things about our family, but enough, I hope, to show you that we are interesting, even if we are small.

GOOD-BY TO A FLY.

Baby Bye, here's a Fly,
Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls up the walls —
Yet he never falls!
I believe, with those six legs
You and I could walk on eggs.

Spots of red dot his head;
Rainbows on his wings are spread!
That small speck is his neck;
See him nod and beck.

Flies can see more than we —
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little Fly, mind your eye, —
Spiders are near by!

And a secret let me tell:
Spiders will not treat you well.
So I say, heed your way.
Little Fly, good-day. — THEODORE TILTON.

mĕnd	vās*e*	*e*rŭsh*e*d(t)	hās′tў
vīn*e*	grāp*e*	rīp′*e*n*e*d	*e*ăt′kĭnṣ
çĕll	ŭn said′	brō′k*e*n	kẽr′nĕl
*e*ōm*b*	ŭn dȯn*e*′	trī′flĭng	pĕt′alṣ

LVII. QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily cup back on the stem,
And cause it again to grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour in the husk
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
  Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb
  And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase
  When once it has sped away?
Can you put the silk back on the corn,
  Or the down on the catkins gay?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear,—
  Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid
  Or an unkind deed undone?

Hänṣ	*h*ŏn′ŏr	stăt′ū*e*	*E*ū′rȯpe
Dāne̱ṣ	*wr*īt′ĕr	ŭn ve̱′*i*led′	Dĕn′märk
Dān′ĭsh	fŏr′*eĭg*n	ĕm ploy′ment	Ȼō pen hā′gen
pō′ĕmṣ	lăn̲′guäġe	sho̤*e*′māk ẽr	Çhi e̤ạ′gō

LVIII. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

If you look on a map of Europe, you will find a small country called Denmark. The people who live in it are called Danes.

The capital and largest city of Denmark is Copenhagen. In 1875 a great man died there. His name was Hans Christian Andersen.

He was born in a small city of Denmark. His father was a shoemaker. When Hans was nine years old his father died, and he was left a poor boy to make his way in the world.

By and by his mother sent him to Copenhagen. He knew no one there. At first he found employment as a singer. But in six months he lost his beautiful voice, so he must find something else to do.

At last he found kind friends who were able and willing to help him. They were pleased with some poems that he had written, so they sent him to the university to study.

Afterwards he traveled in foreign countries. He studied nature, and he studied people, both young and old. His writings show how familiar he was with many plants and animals.

On his return to Denmark, he wrote charming stories and books in the Danish language. Some of these stories were written for children. They were thought so true and beautiful that they have been told in other languages. Millions of children in all parts of the world still read them with delight.

In one of the great parks of Chicago there is a fine statue of Andersen. It was placed there by his countrymen who live in America.

When it was unveiled, hundreds of school children marched in the park. They wished to see the statue, and do honor to him who had told them so many true and beautiful stories.

streets	peered	prŏm′ĭsed(t)	chĭm′neў̆s̱
rōōfs	pĭt′ў̆	dĕ serībe′	frĭĕnd′lў̆
scēneș	plĕn′tў̆	view(vū)	ŭn chānġed′

LIX. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

Introduction.

I am a poor boy, and I live in one of the very narrow streets; but I have plenty of light. My room is high up in the house, and there is a fine view from its window.

During the first few days I lived in the great city, I felt very sad and lonely. Instead of the woods and the green hills of the country, I had only black roofs and chimneys in view. And then I had not a single friend, nor one familiar face to greet me.

One evening as I stood at the window, feeling very sad, I opened it and looked out. Oh, what joy filled my heart! I saw the round, friendly face of my best friend from home, — the face of the moon.

The dear old moon was quite unchanged. She looked as she used to do when she peered down upon me through the trees at my old home. I kissed my hand to her over and over, as her light shone far into my room. Then she promised me that every evening, when she came out, she would look in upon me for a few moments.

It is a pity she can stay only such a short time when she comes to see me. On each visit, she tells me about one thing or another that she has seen on the night before, or on that same evening.

"Paint the scenes that I describe to you," said the moon, "and you will soon have a pretty picture book."

I have obeyed her, and have written what she told me on several evenings. She did not come to me every night; sometimes a cloud hid her face from me.

REVIEW OF SOUNDS.

Compare the sounds represented by the vowels in these words:

p o͝o r	m o͝o n	d o̤	r ṳ de
r o͝o m	t o͝o th	m o̤ve	tr ṳe
r o͝o f	sp o͝o n	s o̤u p	tr ṳths

The sounds of o͝o, o̤, and ṳ are *equivalents.*

māid	bē*a*me*d*	prĭn′çĕss	ŏf′fĭ çẽr
brīd*e*	wĕd′dĭng	splĕn′dĭd	ū′nĭ fôrm
à pärt′	ŭp′rī*gh*t	stĭff′nĕss	hăp′pĭ nĕss

LX. THE NEW DRESS.

One of the Moon's Pictures.

One evening the moon said, "I have seen the soldier, who has just been made an officer, put on his new uniform for the first time. I have seen the young bride in her wedding dress, and the princess in her splendid robes.

"But never have I seen such perfect delight as that shown by a little girl this evening. She had just put on a new dress. It was blue, and she had a hat trimmed with pink.

"There was a great calling out for a lamp. My rays shining through the windows of the room were not bright enough to show off the dress well, so more light was needed.

"There stood the little maid, stiff and upright as a doll. Her arms were stretched out straight by the stiffness of her dress, and her fingers were apart. What happiness beamed from her eyes! Sweet smiles played over her face.

"'To-morrow you shall go out in your new clothes,' said her mother.

"The little one looked up at her hat and down at her dress. Then she said with a bright smile, 'Oh, mother! what will the little dogs think when they see me in all these beautiful things?'"

---

drōll	quĭlt	ăn̲'grў	spĕ'cial lў
trōōp	prâ*ye*rs̲	sē'rĭ *o*ŭs	*yo*ŭn̲'gĕst

LXI. BREAD AND BUTTER.

ANOTHER OF THE MOON'S PICTURES.

"I love little ones," said the moon; "specially the very little ones; they are so droll. Many times I peep into the room between the curtains, when they are not thinking of me.

"This evening I looked through a window before which the curtain was not drawn. I saw a whole troop of little ones, all of one family. Among them was a little sister only four years old, who had been taught to say 'Our Father,' as well as the rest.

"The mother sits by her bedside every night to hear her say her prayers. After she

has said them, the mother gives her a kiss, and stays by her till she is asleep.

"This evening the two older children wished to play. One of them hopped about the room on one foot, and the other stood on a chair, and said he was a living statue. The third and fourth were placing the clean clothes in the drawers, and the mother sat by the bed of the youngest. She told the others to be quiet, as their little sister was going to say her prayers.

"I looked in over the lamp to the little girl's bed. There she lay under a white quilt, her little hands folded, and her face serious. Then she repeated the Lord's Prayer aloud.

"'What is that you say to yourself?' asked her mother, when the little girl stopped for a moment in the middle of her prayer. 'When you say *Give us this day our daily bread*, you always add something which I can not hear; you must tell me what it is.'

"The little one lay still, and looked at her mother for a moment. 'What is it you say after *Give us our daily bread?* Tell me.'

"'Don't be angry, dear mother,' said the

child, as she whispered in her ear, 'I only say, *and plenty of butter on it.*'

"The mother then kissed the dear little child, and told her to go to sleep."

ĭnn	stŭmp	elīm*bed*	Brụ'ĭn
āte	ĕld'ĕst	găr'rĕt	prŏp'ĕr lў

LXII. THE BEAR THAT PLAYED SOLDIER.

One of the Moon's Stories.

"In the inn of a little town," said the moon, "sat a man who was going about the country with a bear. While he ate his supper the bear was left out in the yard.

"Poor Bruin! He was tame and would do no one any harm, though he looked grim enough.

"Up in the garret of the inn three little children were playing together by the light of my rays. The eldest might be six years old, the youngest was not more than two.

"Stump, stump, stump! Something was coming up the stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open. In walked Bruin — great, shaggy Bruin. He had grown tired of wait-

ing in the yard, and found his way up the stairs. I saw it all," said the moon.

"The children were much frightened at the bear. Each of them crept into a corner, but he found them all and did not hurt them.

"'This must be a great dog,' they said, and began to stroke him. Then the bear lay down on the floor. The youngest boy climbed on his back, and hid his curly head in the beast's shaggy fur.

"Presently the eldest boy took his drum and began to beat it. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. Oh, it was most charming to see!

"After that each boy took his gun. They gave the bear a gun, and he held it quite properly, too.

"Then they began to march. 'One, two; one, two;' and around the garret they went.

"Suddenly some one came to the door. It was the children's mother. Poor woman, she was so frightened that she could not speak.

"The youngest boy smiled at her and cried out, 'See! We are playing soldier!' Then the bear's master came running up the stairs, and took Bruin away."

SOUNDS REVIEWED.

Compare the sounds represented by the vowels in these words:

to͝ok	sto͝od	wo͞lf	pu͞t
fo͝ot	wo͝odş	sho͞uld	pu͞sh
lo͝ok	wo͝ol	wo͞m'an	e͞ush'i͞on

Which of these vowels represent the same sounds?

---

rō*a*r	ĕăs'*tl*e	ĕx çĕpt'	snŭff'bŏx
flŭsh	mĕt'al	ŏn'wärd	wąr'*r*iŏr (-yĕr)
gāz*e*d	gŏb'lĭn	dē elâr*e*'	prē tĕnd'ĕd
fĭrm'lў	gŭt'tĕr	därk'nĕss	tĕr'rĭ bl*e*
elăpp*e*d(t)	mär'kĕt	fâr*e* wĕll'	ăc quāi̇nt'ançe

LXIII. THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER.

I.

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers who lived in the same box. They were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon.

They stood straight, as all soldiers should, and looked quite fine in their red and blue uniforms.

Now, this box of soldiers was given to a little boy for a birthday present. The soldiers were all exactly alike, except one. He had been made last, and as there was not

enough metal to finish him, he had only one leg.

During the day the tin soldiers stood on a table along with other playthings. Among them was a pretty little paper castle, and the prettiest thing about it was a little lady who stood at its open door.

This little lady was a dancer. She stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all. He thought that she, like himself, had only one leg.

"That is the wife for me," he thought. "Though she is grand and lives in a castle, still I must try to make her acquaintance."

When evening came the other soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Only the soldier with one leg and the dancer were left in their places.

At last the clock struck twelve, when up sprang the lid of the snuffbox. Instead of snuff, there jumped from the box a little black goblin.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "don't wish for what does not belong to you."

But the soldier still gazed at the little

dancer, and pretended not to hear. "Very well; wait till to-morrow then," said the goblin.

II.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Just how it came about no one knows, but the window flew open, and out fell the soldier. Down he went, heels over head, from the third story window into the street.

It was a terrible fall. The little boy ran downstairs at once to look for him, but he was not to be found. If he had called out, "Here I am," all would have been right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain. When the rain was over, two boys happened to pass by. One of them said, "Look! there is a tin soldier. He should have a boat to sail in."

So they made a paper boat, and set the tin soldier in it. And away he went sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it and clapped their hands.

By and by the boat shot under a low bridge. It was quite dark there, and the tin soldier thought, "Where am I going now?

This is the work of the black goblin, I am sure. But if the little lady were only here with me, I should not care for any darkness."

The boat sailed on, and the little soldier held his gun firmly to his shoulder. At last he heard a great roar. It was the noise of the rushing water pouring into the great river.

The boat rocked and whirled, and then began to fill with water. Deeper and deeper it sank until the water closed over his head. As he went down the soldier thought of the little dancer, and the words of the song sounded in his ears, —

"Farewell warrior, ever brave,
Drifting onward to thy grave."

III.

The boat went to pieces. The soldier sank into the water, but before he reached the bottom of the river he was swallowed by a fish.

How dark it was inside the fish! Much darker than in the box with the other soldiers. For a time the fish swam to and fro, and the tin soldier lay quite still.

At last a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and it was light as day. A voice cried out, "I declare, here is the tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, taken to the market and sold. It was taken to the kitchen and cut open by the cook. She picked up the soldier, and carried him into the room.

The children were delighted to see a soldier who had traveled about inside a fish. They placed him on the table, and, strange to say, there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen.

There were the same children. The same playthings were standing on the table. There was the pretty castle with the gay little dancer at the door.

The little boy was proud of his soldier with one leg. His uniform was old and worn, but still he stood straight and held his musket firmly, as all good soldiers do. Ever after, the boy took delight in telling the story of The Brave Tin Soldier to all his playmates.

WORD BUILDING WITH S.

Copy and pronounce the words formed by suffixing *s* to each word below, marking *s* to indicate the sound of *z*:

blow	boat	foun'tain	lamp
haul	throat	crea'ture	night
feel	shoot	re'gion	bas'ket
seem	strike	strug'gle	es cape'

PRONOUNCING REVIEW.

Pronounce these words:

ȧnt	ȧsk	lȧst	chȧnçe	pȧth
grȧnt	tȧsk	fȧst	brȧnch	bȧth

Give the sound represented by "ȧ" in these words; this sound is called Short Italian a.

WORDS SOMETIMES MISPRONOUNCED.

mȧst	chȧff	Ĕm'mȧ	ȧft'ĕr
pȧst	cȧn't	Ăn'nȧ	ăl făl'fȧ
blȧst	ȧ lȧs'	ĭ dē'ȧ	bȧ nä'nȧ
grȧss	ȧ flōȧt'	ȧ rē'nȧ	Shē'bȧ
glȧss	ȧ strāy'	bȧs'kĕt	Ăf'rĭ cȧ
glȧnçe	ȧ lärm'	mȧs'tĕr	Ȧ mĕr'ĭ cȧ
dȧnçe	ȧ rōṣe'	rȧft'ĕr	Ȧ rā'bĭ ȧ

---

mĭnt	hụr räh'	shĭl'lĭng	ġĕn'ŭ ĭne
coins	bāk'ẽr	trou'sẽrs	ŭn lŭck'ў
fạlse	bûr'den	worth'lĕss	vĭn'ĕ gär
brôad	tĭck'ĕt	whĕth'ẽr	lŏt'tẽr ў
prīze	thrĭlled	bē lief'	sŭs pĭ'cioŭs

LXIV. THE SILVER SHILLING.

I.

There was once a shilling which came out of the mint with joy. "Hurrah!" it said. "Now I am going out into the wide world."

And truly it did go out into the wide world. It met all sorts of people there. The

old people turned it about many times before letting it go, while the young folks soon let it roll away from them.

At last it came into the purse of a gentleman who was going into foreign lands. It lay there in the bottom of his purse, till he found it one day between his fingers.

"Why," cried he, "here is a shilling from home! Well, it must go on its travels with me now." And the shilling almost jumped for joy when it was put back into the purse.

There it lay with a number of foreign companions who were always coming and going, but the shilling from home was always put back. All this time it longed to look about the lands through which they were traveling.

One day the purse was left open, and the shilling slipped out into the pocket of the trousers. That evening the purse was taken out, but the shilling was left behind in the pocket. As the trousers were being carried into the hall, it fell out on the floor, unheard by any one.

After a time it was found and placed with other coins. "Well," said the shilling, "this is pleasant; now I shall see the world, and learn of the people and their ways."

But the next moment some one said, "Do you call that a shilling? No, indeed; it is not a coin of this country. It is false! It is good for nothing!"

II.

Now begins the story as it was told by the shilling himself. "False! Good for nothing!" said he. "I knew better; I knew that I was genuine and had the true ring. But still *I* was the one they called false and worthless.

"'Then I must get rid of it in the dark,' said the man who had me. And thus he insulted me in broad daylight.

"How unhappy I was! Of what use were my pure metal and real value, while I was thought to be worthless. In the eyes of the world, a man is sometimes not valued at his true worth; so it is with coins.

"At length I was paid to a poor old woman for a hard day's work. But she could not get rid of me; no one would take me. I was to the old woman a most unlucky shilling.

"'I must pass this shilling to some one,' said she. 'The rich baker shall have it; he can bear the loss better than I can. But, after all, it is not a right thing to do.'

"Ah! thought I, how sorry I am to be a

burden to this poor woman. She offered me to the baker, but he knew the money of the country too well; she could get no bread for me.

"It made me sad to be treated as a worthless coin, and to be the cause of so much trouble to another. In my young days I had been sure of my own value, and even now I knew that I was a good coin.

"So the woman took me home with her and said, 'I will bore a hole through thee that every one may know that thou art a false and worthless thing; and yet why should I do that? Perhaps thou art a lucky shilling.'"

III.

"'I know what I shall do,' said the woman; 'I will bore a hole in the shilling, put a string through it, and then give it to a girl to hang round her neck.' And so she did.

"The little girl hung me round her neck, and was so pleased that she kissed me. The next day the girl's mother took me between her fingers, and said, 'So you are a lucky shilling! Well, I mean to try you.'

"Then she cut the string, and laid me in vinegar until I was quite green. By and by

she filled up the hole, and rubbed me a little to brighten me up. In the evening she took me out to buy a lottery ticket.

"The ticket seller pressed me so hard that I thought I should crack; but he took me, and gave the woman a ticket. I can't say whether or not the ticket drew a prize, but I do know that I was soon in trouble again.

"They said I was a bad shilling. As I was changed from hand to hand I was always abused. No one trusted me, but through it all I trusted myself. Surely it was a very dark time for me, but I never lost hope that all would be well.

"One day I was passed to a traveler from a foreign land. Strange to say, he was the same man who had brought me from my old home.

"The traveler looked at me with care. 'I took thee for a good coin,' said he; then a smile spread over his face. I have never seen such a smile on any other face.

"'This is very odd, indeed,' said he. 'This is a true shilling from my own country. Some one has bored a hole through it, and no doubt people have called it false. I will take it back to my own home.'

"Joy thrilled me when I heard this. I was wrapped in fine, white paper, so that I might not mix with the other coins and be lost. Sometimes I was shown to people from my own country, and they were glad to see me.

"At last I reached home. All my cares were at an end. True, there was a hole through me, as if I were false; but suspicions are nothing when one is really true. One should ever act honestly, for all will be made right. That is my firm belief," said the shilling.

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tōn*e*	hŭmm*ed*	glīd′ĕd	greāt′ẽr
çē*a*s*e*	viewed(vūd)	ȧ wāk*e*′	sē*a*′cō*a*st
rō͝oks	strĭpp*e*d(t)	rẽ plāç*e*′	lănd′märk
c͝ōō*e*d	joy′fụl	ŭn rĕst′	fŏr gŏt′*te*n

LXV. LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK.

I.

In the forest, not far from the seacoast, stood an oak tree. It was just three hundred and sixty-five years old. That seems a long time to us, but to the tree it was the same as three hundred and sixty-five days might be to us.

We wake by day and sleep by night, and then we have our dreams. Not so with the

tree; it must keep awake through three seasons of the year, and not sleep till winter comes. Winter is its time for rest, — its night

after the long day of spring, summer, and autumn.

On many a warm summer day the insects had fluttered about the old oak. Some of these, as you may know, live only for a day; but for that one day they were very gay and happy.

When one of these little creatures rested for a moment on his green leaves, the tree would sometimes say, "Poor little creature! Your whole life is but for a day. How sad you must be."

"Sad! What do you mean?" the little creature would reply. "Everything around me is so bright, and warm, and beautiful that it makes me joyous."

"But only for one day, and then all is ended. How sad to know that all must be over so soon!"

"All over," said the fly. "What is the meaning of 'all over'? Are you not 'all over,' too?"

"No, indeed; I have lived for thousands of your days, and it is likely I shall live for thousands of days more. My day is three whole seasons long, and each season is so long that you can hardly count its days."

"Then I don't know what you mean. You may live thousands of my days, but I have thousands of moments in which I can be merry and happy. Does all the beauty of the world cease when you die?"

"No," said the tree; "surely it will last for a much longer time than I can even think of."

"Well, then," said the little fly, "we have the same time to live, only we do not count it in the same way."

II.

The little fly spread its wings. Full of joy it danced and floated in the air all the day. When the sun sank low, it felt tired of all its joy and happiness. Then it glided slowly down, folded its tiny wings, and went to sleep on a waving blade of grass. The fly was dead.

"Poor little fly!" said the oak. "What a very short life!" And so on every summer day the flies danced for joy, and the old oak waved its branches and shook its green leaves.

All through its morning of spring, its noon of summer, and its evening of autumn, the oak was awake. At last its time of rest, its night, drew near, — winter was coming.

The winds were singing to the oak, "Good night, good night! Go to sleep, go to sleep! It is your three hundred and sixty-fifth night; sleep sweetly; the clouds will spread a warm blanket of snow over your feet. Sweet sleep to you, and pleasant dreams!"

And there stood the oak, stripped of all its leaves. It was left to rest through all the winter, and to dream many dreams of what had happened in its life.

Once the great tree had been small, — an acorn had been its cradle. But now it was the largest and strongest tree in all the country round. Its top was far above all the other trees. Out at sea the sailors could see it, and often they looked eagerly for it.

In the spring the robins had sung their gayest songs to the oak, and in the summer the wild pigeons had cooed in its branches; but now it was winter and only crows and rooks came by turns and told of their troubles. They talked of the sad times coming, and how hard it was to get food in winter.

III.

About Christmas time the oak dreamed a dream. In his dream he heard the Christmas bells ringing from all the churches round, and yet it seemed to be a beautiful summer's day. The sunbeams played among his leaves. Gay butterflies sported among the flowers that bloomed at his feet.

All that had happened to the tree during all the years of his life seemed to pass before him. He thrilled with joy as he viewed again many scenes of happiness. But through it all there was a feeling of unrest because he

was alone. He longed to have all his friends of the forest again.

At length his longing was satisfied. Up came the tops of all the trees beneath him. The oak saw them all rising higher and higher. Insects hummed and birds sang. The air was filled with sounds of song and gladness.

"But where is the little bluebell that grows by the brook?" asked the oak. "And where are the daisies?" You see the oak wanted to have them all with him.

"Here we are; we are here!" sounded in voice and song.

"Why, this is beautiful, too beautiful to be believed," said the oak, in a joyful tone. "I have them all here, both great and small. Not one has been forgotten. Can you imagine greater happiness?"

Such was the dream of the old oak. While he dreamed, a great storm came rushing over land and sea. Great waves dashed upon the shore. The storm seized the branches of the oak. His roots were torn from the ground, and with a mighty roar his trunk was dashed to earth, never to rise again.

When the sun rose on Christmas morning, the storm had ceased. The sea became calm.

On board a great ship that had passed through the storm, all the flags were hung out as signs of joy.

"The tree is down! The old oak, our landmark on the coast!" cried the sailors. "It must have fallen in the storm last night. Who can replace it? Alas! No one."

—Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

PHONETIC REVIEW.

Compare the sounds represented by ŭ and ȯ in these words:

nŭt	mŭst	sȯn	sȯme	dȯve
bŭt	pŭmp	dȯne	eȯme	lȯve

Pronounce these words, giving ȯ the sound of ŭ:

dȯth	dȯz'en	Mȯn'dăy	lī'ȯn
spȯnge	hȯn'eў	eȯm'pass	eŭs'tȯm
ȯth'ẽr	mȯn'eў	wȯn'dẽr	bŏt'tȯm
mȯth'ẽr	a mȯng'	nȯth'ĭng	păr'rȯt
brȯth'ẽr	a bȯve'	mȯn'keў	wĭs'dȯm

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spīke*s*	stär'rў	ān'ġĕl*s*	fŏr*e'hĕad*
whĕnç*e*	pē*a*rl'ў	chĕr'ŭb*s*	eȯr'nẽr*ed*

LXVI. THE BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—From "At the Back of the North Wind,"
By George MacDonald.

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hūe	crown	läugh′ĭng	gōld′en-rŏd
clăd	sŭn′nў	glĭt′tẽr	fâir′ў lănd

LXVII. GOLDEN-ROD.

Tell me, sunny golden-rod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland
And make the dress you wear?

Did you get from mines of gold
Your bright and shining hue?
Or did the baby stars some night
Fall down and cover you?

Or did the angels wave their wings
And drop their glitter down
Upon you, laughing golden-rod,
Your nodding head to crown?

Or are you clad in sunshine
Caught from summer's brightest day,
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?

I love you, laughing golden-rod,
And I will try, like you,
To fill each day with deeds of cheer;
Be loving, kind, and true.

—Mrs. F. J. Lovejoy.

LXVIII. SPRING IS COMING.

I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf —
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly,
In the sunshine dances by.

— Mary Howitt.

āi̯l̲s	fleet	trĕm′ble	out′līne
spē*a*k	fĭsts	quāk′ĭng	bĭl′lŏw̲s̲
blĭss	ē*a*′gẽr	tĕr′rõr̲s̲	pā′tient lў

LXIX. THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

The captain's daughter, little Jane,
Stands gazing at the sea; —
The tumbling waves are wild and white,
But not more white than she.

What is it ails the pretty child,
That she should tremble so?
Ah! she has heard through all the night
The driving wind and snow, —

Has heard the great fists of the storm
Beating against the door;
Has heard, across the quaking sand,
The billows race and roar.

And, while she lay upon her bed,
She heard her mother pray,
"Spare him we love, good Lord," she said,
"Nor take his life away."

The sun comes up, and little Jane
Sees the white waves grow red;
The storm is past, the day is come, —
But is her father dead?

The tears drop slowly from her eyes,
"God grant it may not be."
There comes in sight a moving speck,
Far out upon the sea.

She sees, all black against the sun,
The outline of a sail,
Another, yes, a dozen come
Swift flying on the gale.

It is, it is her father's boat!
And all the fishing fleet!
Her eyes are dry, her dancing heart
Is lighter than her feet.

She runs to bring her mother word,
Then patiently she stands,
With shining eyes and flying hair,
With eager waving hands,

Waiting until her father comes;
His welcome and his kiss,
After the terrors of the night,
Fill all her heart with bliss.

—Mary E. Anderson.

FOR STUDY.

How many lines in each stanza of this poem?
Tell what pictures you see in reading it.

mĕant	bu͟ild′ĭng	mĕa$\underset{\cdot}{s}$′ūred	eär′pĕn tẽr
seāle	dīn′ĭng	dē̇ çīd′ĕd	rĕp rē̇ $\underset{\cdot}{s}$ent′
pär′lõr	ē̇ rāsed′(t)	eŏm plēt′ĕd	ĭn′dĭ eā tĕd

LXX. PLANS AND MAPS.

I.

"Where have you been, girls?" asked Frank.

"We have been down in the orchard building," said Alice.

"What were you building?"

"We were building a playhouse. We worked ever so hard to bring stones from the brook, for we meant to build a high wall; but the stones are too round to make a good wall."

"Then," said Frank, "why not give up making a high wall, and just mark off the rooms of your house something like a carpenter's plan?"

The girls looked at each other for a moment, and then Kate said, "We don't know what you mean. What is a carpenter's plan?"

"A carpenter," said Frank, "would not

know how to build a house without first having a plan drawn to show him just how each floor would look when finished. A plan of the house is a picture of the floors as they would look from above. That is what our teacher told us when she showed us how to make a plan of our schoolroom. We thought we could not do it, but we soon learned how."

"Oh, Frank, come down to the orchard and help us build our playhouse," said Alice.

"All right," said Frank, "I'll be your carpenter, but it is too late to start to build a house to-day; besides, we have no plan. Let us go into the house and make a plan, and then build a house like it in the morning."

So into the house they went, happy as could be. All gathered around the table, and Frank took a piece of white paper and a pencil.

II.

"Now," said Frank, "how many rooms do you want in the house?"

"I think we should have five," said Alice, — "A kitchen, a dining room, a parlor, and two bedrooms."

"And a hall," added Kate. "I want a good large hall in my house."

"There is plenty of room under the sweet apple tree, so we will make a large play-house," said Frank. "Let us make the floor three yards square, — that is nine feet long and nine feet wide."

"How can you make it nine feet square on that little paper?" asked Alice.

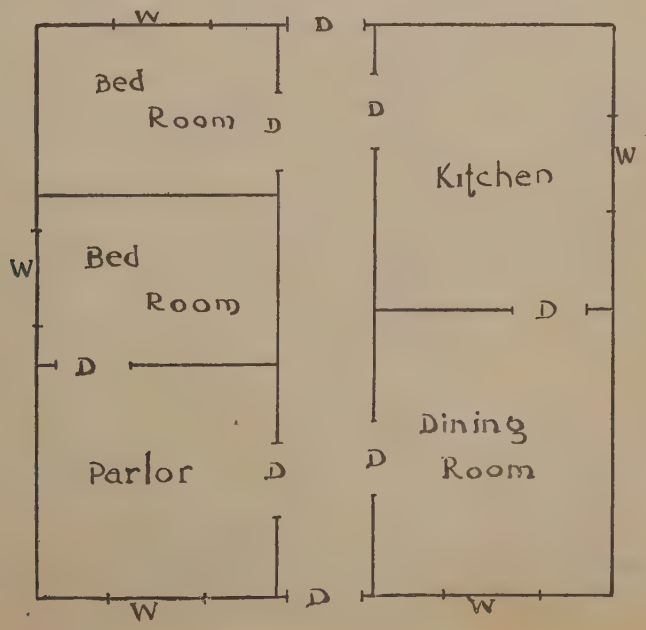
"We cannot do that, but we can make our plan on a smaller scale. I mean to make this one on the scale of one inch for a yard; that is, instead of three yards long, we will make it three inches long. Everything in a plan must be on the same scale, but an inch may be taken to represent a foot or a yard, a mile or a thousand miles."

So Frank measured with his ruler a line three inches long; he then drew the two sides and the two ends of the floor. When this was finished, he drew a straight line one and one-quarter inches from the right side of the floor, and another the same distance from the left side, thus leaving a space one-half an inch wide for the hall.

"Now," said he, "we must have a door at each end of the hall; besides, each large room must have a door opening into the hall." So he erased a part of the line at

each end of the hall, and wrote *D* in each open place. As he did so, he said, "*D* stands for 'door,' and *W* for 'window.'"

The girls decided that the kitchen and dining room should be on the right side of the hall. Frank divided that space into two equal parts. Then he wrote the names of the rooms, and indicated the doors and windows. The parlor and bedrooms were placed on the other side of the hall. When completed, Frank's plan looked like this:



tȧsk	Wĭl′bur	ăp pē*ar*′	pär tĭe′ū̆ lăr
wā*v*ed	€ȧr′son	ăn̲′e*h*ŏr	e͡ŏn tĭn′ū̆ed
whą̣rf	Măx′well	ȧ bō*a*rd′	phō′tŏ̄ gr*a*̀ph

LXXI. MORE ABOUT PLANS AND PICTURES.

I.

Quite early the next morning the children formed a very happy group in the orchard. Down under the sweet apple tree, work on the new house was begun.

It was not always easy to get the round stones to lie just where they were wanted. Little Kate found it quite a task to get the lines straight, but Frank, who was the master builder, was very particular that the house should be made just like the plan.

All worked hard, and the house was almost complete when Frank heard some one calling his name. Looking toward the gate, he saw Wilbur Carson running down the path; at some distance behind him came his Uncle John. Now, the children all knew "Uncle John," and were very fond of his stories.

"We were out for a walk, so I brought my uncle over to see you," said Wilbur.

"We are glad of that," said Frank. "When did you get back, Uncle John?"

"Only yesterday," answered Wilbur's uncle. "Why, what is this?" he asked, walking over to the playhouse and picking up the paper on which Frank's plan was drawn.

"The girls were making a playhouse, so I drew a plan for them," said Frank. "You see we learned to draw plans at our school last week."

"That is a very good plan, my boy. Do you think you could make as good a one of this town, or of the state in which we live?"

"Uncle John," said Kate, "can you draw a plan as large as a whole state?"

"You must not forget, Kate, that we can use a different scale," said her brother.

II.

"Very often I visit strange cities and countries," continued Uncle John. "Whenever I do so, I buy maps of them; then I have no difficulty in finding my way. In a village, where there are only a few houses, one can usually find his way without much trouble; but in a city, where there are very many houses, we need the help of a map.

"In the map of a country the broken coast line is represented by a waved line. Then a

good map must indicate where the mountains, lakes, rivers, and cities are to be found.

"Come to think of it, I have a small map of our country in my pocket. Would you like to see it?" He then took from his pocket a map of the United States, and spread it out so that the children could examine it.

"Uncle John," said Alice, "there must be a difference between a map and a picture?"

"Yes, there is a difference; can't you tell me what that difference is?"

Alice thought awhile and then said, "I can't tell the difference, but I am sure that the plan of our house would not look like its photograph."

"The difference between a picture and a plan or map is this: a picture shows the thing as we see it before us; while the plan or map is an outline of what would appear to us if we were to look down on it," said Frank.

"That is right," said Uncle John. "Now if you think you can spare the time from your building, we will all walk down to the wharf, where the *Maxwell* is at anchor."

"Oh, that will be fun!" they all cried. Soon they were on their way to the wharf, where Uncle John had promised that they should go aboard the great ship with him.

gŏŏdṣ	ăt′las	ĕx plā*i*ned′	nôrth ē*a*st′
g*u*īd′ĕd	prŏd′ŭcts	e͡ŏn tā*i*nṣ′	nôrth wĕst′
need′ĕd	här′bŏr	eū′rĭ *o*ŭs	south ē*a*st′
trād′ĭng	ŏb ṣĕrv*e*′	ġē ŏg′rȧ phў	south wĕst′

LXXII. ABOARD THE *MAXWELL.*

The *Maxwell* is a large trading vessel. She carries cotton, wheat, and other products of

our country to foreign lands, and brings back from them coffee, tea, silks, and many other kinds of goods.

It is always a happy day for Wilbur when the *Maxwell* steams into the harbor. Very early in the morning he may be seen stand-

ing on the wharf watching for the first sight of the vessel which is bringing his uncle home again.

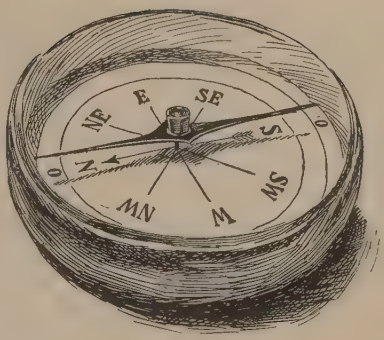
He tells interesting stories about the far-away lands, and the people who live there. Wilbur says, "The best thing about all of Uncle John's stories is that they are true, — not made-up tales of a make-believe land and people."

The morning the children went aboard with Uncle John, he showed them through the vessel. At last Wilbur asked, "How do you know the way back, uncle? How can you tell in which direction you are going when you are out of sight of land?"

"Why, we look at our compass," said Uncle John. "That tells us our direction." From the puzzled look in the children's faces he saw that they did not understand what a compass is. So he took from his pocket a curious little box, handed it to Wilbur, and said, "What do you think that is?"

Wilbur took the little box in his hand and examined it. "I do not know what it is," he answered. "It looks somewhat like a watch, but it is not a watch."

"No, it is not a watch," said Uncle John.



"It is a compass. Every ship has its compass; without it there would be danger many times. When you say that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, and that if you stand with your right side to the east, your face will be to the north and your back to the south, that is right. But sailors must know direction at night when there is no sun to guide them."

"I have read that sailors are sometimes guided by the north star at night," said Frank.

"Yes; when the sky is clear they do find the north star a help in keeping to their course; but you see if the night is cloudy, they have still to know the direction in which to go. It is then that the compass is of greatest use."

When they looked at the compass, they saw a needle swinging on the top of a pin. Uncle John explained to them that when the needle is at rest, it points toward the north. When

a sailor knows which is north, he can easily find the other chief points of the compass, — south, east, and west.

Northeast is the point just half way between the north and the east. Now you can tell where to find the northwest, southeast, and southwest.

Not only sailors, but every one must have a knowledge of direction; this knowledge is needed on land as well as on the sea. Many persons carry pocket compasses when they go far away into the woods or mountains.

"Here," said Uncle John, "is an atlas. It contains maps of all the countries in the world. All these maps are so drawn that toward the top is north; toward the right side is east; toward the bottom is south; and toward the left side is west."

"That is just like the maps in my geography," said Frank.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "maps are usually drawn in that way. What have you learned in your geography, Frank?"

"I have learned a great many things that I did not know before. My geography tells us about the great oceans, and the animals that live in their waters and on the land."

"Have you learned about the different people on the earth?"

"Oh, yes," said Frank, "we have learned the names of the different countries and the people who live in them. I like to study geography. When I am a man I mean to travel in my own country, and see for myself the great cities, the high mountains, and the broad prairies."

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lą*w*n	rē fūṣed′	Chī′nȧ	ĭm′ĭ tāte
brĭcks	lā′dĭeṣ	Chĭ nēṣe′	ŏ pĭn′ĭon
spoiled	ĕlŭm′ṣў	są*u*′çēr	lĭs′*te*n ĭng
shrŭb	hŏb′ble	pŏt′tērṣ	ō vēr hē*a*rd′
sleeveṣ	sē′erĕt	pŏt′tēr ў	fŏr gĕt′fụl
brā*i*dṣ	dĕ ṣīred′	fûr′nȧ çĕṣ	ĭn tēr rŭpt′ĕd

LXXIII. TEA AND TEACUPS.

It was a beautiful, sunny morning, — just the kind of a day for a party out on the lawn. It was Floy's birthday, too, and mamma had said that she might ask seven little girls to spend the afternoon with her and take tea. The tea table was to be set in the shade of the big maple tree.

"Seven other girls!" cried Floy. "There will be eight of us in all, and I am eight years

old!" Then the happy little girl danced off to tell her friends about it.

That afternoon they came, bright and early, — each of the seven with a doll in her arms and a sunny smile on her face; for what would a tea party be without dolls and smiles? But about the middle of the afternoon the dolls were thrown down unnoticed, and the smiling faces grew sober. The sun had hid his face behind a cloud, and the great drops began to patter down.

"It is just too bad to have my party spoiled like this," cried Floy, and all the other little girls seemed to be of the same opinion.

"Why, yes, it would be too bad to let such a little thing as the summer rain spoil it," said grandma, who had overheard the little girl's remark. "But you don't mean to let it, do you?"

"Oh, Grandma," Floy answered, "how can it help spoiling our party?" "We can't have our tea out of doors," said Nellie, who wanted to help her little friend to show grandma that the party really was spoiled.

"That is so," said grandma, "but the table will look very pretty set in the dining room, and the tea will taste just as well there,

out of the pretty china cups, as it would out under the maple tree. We can't always have all we want, dear, but we can always find something good in what we do have, if only we look for it."

Grandma took up her paper again, and Floy

brought out the pretty pink cup and saucer that papa had given her for her last birthday present.

"Aunt Mary has ever so many lovely china cups," said Alice Gray. "Some of them she does not use very often, and she will not let me touch them for fear I shall break them. They were made in a country far away across the sea."

"I wish I knew what country it is," said May. "I would like to see the man who made them," said another girl.

Then grandma, who had a way of hearing what was said though she seemed to be reading, looked up from her paper and said: "It takes more than one man to make a teacup. Would you like to hear about the country in which they are made, and the men who first made them?"

Of course the girls were ready for a story, and were soon seated near grandma's chair listening eagerly, quite forgetful of the rain. You see it is not the weather that spoils our days so much as it is ourselves.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

"In a country far over the sea there lives a very strange people. This country is China. If you and I were to go there, we should see many strange and curious sights.

"We should see the men dressed in loose robes with flowing sleeves, and hair hanging down their backs in long, straight braids. They wear clumsy wooden shoes which turn up at the toes. They speak a peculiar language, which is difficult for a stranger to learn.

"There you would see ladies who must hobble about in tiny shoes not much larger than a three-year-old child should wear. It is a custom in this strange land to bind the feet of the girl babies so tightly that they never grow as large as they should. It is thought that small feet are more beautiful for ladies.

"Passing through this country, you would see many fields in which grows a shrub, deep green in color, which the Chinese tend with great care. It has little white blossoms and —"

"Oh, I know what it is!" interrupted Floy. "It is the tea plant. My teacher said that much of the tea we use comes from China."

"Yes," said grandma, "you are right; but the leaves of the tea plant when growing look very different from those that come to us from the store.

"When it is the season for gathering the tea, the leaves are stripped off and dried in large pans. After the leaves have been well dried, they are packed in boxes and sent to our own and other countries.

"There was a time when the Chinese were the only people who knew how to make china, and they were very careful not to let any one else find out how they did it. Many people from other lands tried hard to learn the secret, but for many years they failed.

"In one town in China a great many potters lived. The great pottery furnaces burned night and day, and boat loads of beautiful china ware were sent away to other cities and to foreign lands.

"But so afraid were these potters that some one would find out their secret, that they refused to let any stranger stay in the city over night.

"The people who tried to imitate these cup makers knew that they should use clay to make the china. Though they bought the

very same kind of clay bricks that the Chinese used, they could not make the cups.

"Then the Chinese potters laughed and felt quite sure that no one would ever find how to make pretty cups like those they had their tea served in, and which they sold in such numbers to other countries.

"But now the secret is out. In many countries all sorts of jugs, vases, cups, and saucers are made.

"It would be very interesting to watch the potter take a bit of the clay and place it on a table which is turned round and round. He shapes the clay with his hands and makes it into any desired form. Afterwards the ware is put in a furnace and baked until it is very hard.

"And so you see, my girls," continued grandma, "it takes more than one man to make the teacup that you handle so often and with so little thought."

pē*a*k	tĭm′bẽr	ĕx tĕnd̤′	Kăn′sas
rānġ*e*	ē′qual	ē*a*st′ẽrn	Ne brăs′kȧ
he*igh*t	rŏck′y̆	fō*u*r′teen	Cŏl o rä′dō
bō*w*l	sy̆s′tĕm	hôrs*e*′băck	flo*u*r′ĭsh
lä′vȧ	sŭm′mĭt	rā*i*l′rō*a*d	ĭm prĕss′ĭv*e*
lĕv′ĕl	erā′tẽr	e*o*g′wheel	sŭr round′ĭng

LXXIV. SOME MOUNTAINS.

The sides of most mountains have trees growing on them. But on very high mountains there is a line above which trees do not grow, — this is called the "timber line."

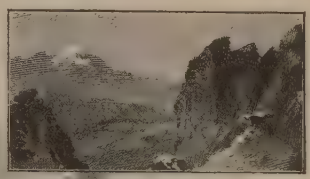
Above the timber line ice and snow are found nearly all the year. While trees do not grow there, flowers seem to flourish. In the middle of the summer, you are quite sure to find many beautiful flowers away above the timber line.

Did you ever hear of Pikes Peak? If you look on a map of Colorado, you will find it. It belongs to the Rocky Mountains, a great range that extends from north to south across our country.

The top of Pikes Peak is more than fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is not the highest mountain in the United

States, but it is visited by more people than any other very high mountain.

Every summer thousands of travelers visit the summit of Pikes Peak. How do you suppose they get to the top of so high a mountain?



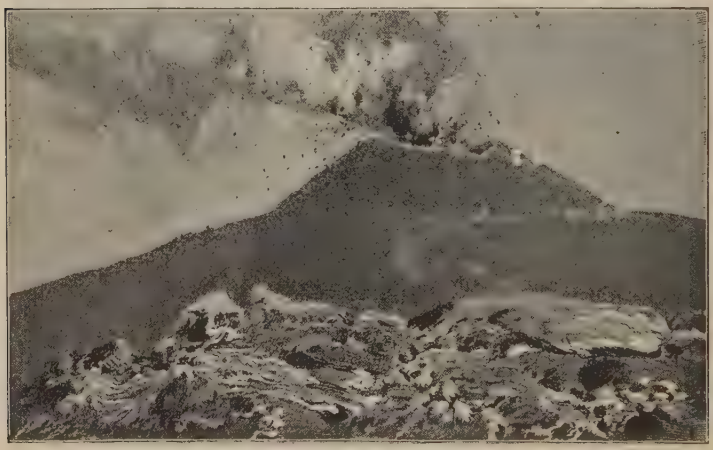
A few walk up; some go on horseback, but most of them go up on the railroad.

This railroad starts near the foot of the Peak, and is about nine miles long. In going that distance it climbs what is equal to a height of nearly a mile and a half.

Just think of a railroad that carries you up sixteen feet for every hundred you travel! That is what the cogwheel railroad on Pikes Peak does, and a trip on it is a most interesting one.

On a clear day, the view from the summit of the Peak is grand and impressive. On three sides, to the north, south, and west, stretch the great peaks and ranges of the Rocky Mountain system.

Looking to the east, you see a great plain. Scattered over it there are cities and towns.



This broad plain extends over eastern Colorado, and for hundreds of miles across the states of Kansas and Nebraska.

In some countries there are mountain peaks called volcanoes. The summit of a volcano is shaped like a great bowl, and is called a crater. Active volcanoes send forth clouds of smoke and ashes, and streams of lava.

Sometimes lava, which is melted rock, breaks out of the crater and does great damage in all the surrounding country. It runs down the side of the volcano and covers up farms, houses, and even towns and cities.

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bȧthṣ	mär′ble	plĕaṣ′ūre	fēar′fụl
wrēathṣ	pĭl′lārṣ	rĭp′plĭng	sĕv′en teen
guĕsts	bĕnch′ĕṣ	erŭsh′ĭng	Vĕ sū′vĭ ŭs
eŏst′lў	därt′ĕd	līght′nĭng	Pom pe′ii
rụ′ĭnṣ	erăcked(t)	rōar′ĭng	(Pŏm pā′yē)

LXXV. HOW A CITY WAS BURIED.

Once there was a fair city near where Mount Vesuvius stands. So beautiful was this city that people traveled from all over the world to see it. When they returned to their homes, they told of its lovely gardens and parks, its baths, and its fountains.

At the end of every street a sparkling fountain played, while the people sat on the marble seats and enjoyed the view of the deep blue sea. Rich people were there, dressed in their gayest dresses and attended by their slaves.

Very often tables were spread in the parks, and loaded with fruit and flowers. In this

sunny land it was the custom of the people to eat out of doors whenever they could.

Many of the houses were large and costly. Every one had its garden where rich fruits

and lovely trees and flowers grew. Sparkling fountains leaped and danced in the sun, cooling the air and pleasing the ear with the music of their rippling waters.

The walls of many of the houses were adorned with pictures, painted by the great artists of the day. The large pillars were trimmed with wreaths of flowers.

Very often the masters of these fine houses gave feasts to their friends. But while dining, the guests did not sit at tables as is our custom; they sat or lay down among soft,

rich cushions which covered the benches and floors.

And so these rich and pleasure-loving people went on from day to day, feasting and dancing and singing. They were proud of their fair city and their beautiful homes.

But one day the sky grew suddenly black as night. The air was filled with dust and smoke and ashes. Then the frightened people tried to escape from the city, but thousands met death in the houses and on the streets.

The earth had cracked open. Clouds of ashes fell on the country for miles around. Bright flashes like lightning darted from the mountain top. The sea seemed to roll back from the shore. The earth shook, so that tall buildings were thrown to the ground, crushing many people beneath them.

Then with a roaring sound, fearful to hear, great rocks were hurled into the sky. Streams of lava poured forth. The beautiful city was soon buried beneath ashes and cinders.

By and by some of the people who escaped came back; but never again did they see beautiful Pompeii. It was buried deep on the day Mount Vesuvius arose and poured out streams of lava that ran down to the sea.

Nearly seventeen hundred years went by. Other cities were built, and other people lived near where Pompeii once stood. The buried city seemed almost forgotten.

But one day some curious people who had read of it began to dig down on the spot where it had stood. They found it with its buildings in ruins. They found many things in the streets and houses just as they were on the terrible day that saw Pompeii buried.

Many times since that day Vesuvius has sent out clouds of ashes and streams of lava. Thousands of other people living near its foot have lost their lives. Even now no one can tell the day or the hour when its terrible fires may break forth again.

WORD REVIEW.

In these words the syllable *tion* is pronounced like shŭn:

ăc′tiŏn	sĕe′tiŏn	eŏn dĭ′tiŏn
nā′tiŏn	ĕx çĕp′tiŏn	prŏ tĕe′tiŏn
stā′tiŏn	ăd dĭ′tiŏn	ĕx pĕ dĭ′tiŏn
pōr′tiŏn	ăt tĕn′tiŏn	dĕe lȧ rā′tiŏn
nō′tiŏn	dĭ rĕe′tiŏn	ĕ văp ŏ rā′tiŏn
mĕn′tiŏn	ĭn tĕn′tiŏn	ĭn trŏ dŭe′tiŏn

In these words çi in last syllables represents the sound of sh, and ş̧i the sound of zh:

prĕ′çioŭs	sŭs pĭ′çioŭs	dĕ lĭ′çioŭs
cŏn fū′ş̧iŏn	dĕ çĭ′ş̧iŏn	ŏe eā′ş̧iŏn

stērn	eà năl$\underline{s}$′	eăp′ĭ tal	Nē′và
*C*zär	ăl lowed′	pŏp′ŭ loŭs	Pē′tẽr
sīte	ĭm mĕnse′	ăs tŏn′ĭshed(t)	Pē′tẽr$\underline{s}$ bûrg
sē*a*′pōrt	fĭt′tĭng	ăe eŏm′plĭsh	Rus′sia
ĭn′land	stûr′dў	eŏm mànd′ĭng	(Rŭsh′à)
St. *stands for* Saint			Rus′sian (Rŭsh′an)

LXXVI. HOW A CITY WAS BUILT.

I am sure that every one who reads this book has heard of Russia; it is the largest and most populous country in Europe. In this great country there is a wonderful city of which I wish to tell you.

Two hundred years ago Peter the Great ruled the people of Russia. At that time they had no large seaport on the northwest coast. Peter said, "We must build a capital such as the world has never known, and we must build it on our northwest coast."

The people were astonished. They exclaimed, "We have no northwest seacoast!"

"Build one, then," said Peter the Great in his stern way. The people knew that it must be done, for Peter the Great never set his mind on anything which he did not accomplish, no matter what it cost.

Nearly all of northern Russia lies near the icy Arctic regions. Its shores are so low and level that at times the sea rushes in and covers the land.

Then, too, when the snow melts in the spring, the water cannot sink into the frozen ground; so it spreads over the level country for miles and miles.

Do you wonder that the Russians thought their Czar was commanding them to do more than men could do? But they went to work to build a capital on the seacoast. A great city now shows how much they accomplished.

They chose a site at the mouth of a river. Then the work of making the shore began. Piles were driven and houses were built.

Hundreds of the poor workmen died, but still the sturdy Russians worked on. They would do anything for their country and Czar.

Among the first to move into the new capital was Peter the Great; he brought with him all his immense riches. Soon other great men brought their families to live in St. Petersburg, as they called their new city.

Year by year the shores grew higher and firmer, and the city extended farther inland. It is said that for years no farmer was allowed

to enter the city without bringing with him, as part of his load, stone and earth with which to fill the wet places.

Everything in St. Petersburg is large and grand. It is a fitting capital for so great a country. Its streets are wide and straight.

Its parks are large and beautiful. Its buildings are among the largest and grandest in the world.

St. Petersburg is farther north than any other great city. In December the sun rises after nine and sets before three o'clock. But the Russians are ready for the long, cold winter; they dress in warm furs and have jolly times with their skates and sleds.

pōōl	dĭs′tant	ĭm plōred	Ĭt′ȧ lў
Căb′ot	vĕn′tūre	now′ȧ dāy̆s	Vĕn′ĭçe
Brĭs′tol	păs′sȧġe	pŏs̆ s̆ĕs′sion	Eng′lish
voy′ȧġe	chīld′hŏŏd	Ăt lăn′tĭe	(Ĭng′glĭsh)

Bret′on (Brĭt′ŭn) A′si a (Ā′shĭ ȧ)
Sē bās′tian (-chan)

LXXVII. JOHN CABOT AND HIS SON SEBASTIAN.

More than four hundred years ago, a little boy named John Cabot lived in a beautiful city of Italy. He loved the deep blue sea. Hour after hour he would stand on the beach watching the white sails of distant ships.

John Cabot was a very happy little boy. He loved to study the maps and charts which the sailors had at that time. He used to say, "When I am a man, I shall be a sailor. I shall go to Spain, and maybe to England."

His home was in Venice. In those days England seemed very far away, for travel was not so easy and swift as it is now. Then there were no steamboats or railroads.

When John Cabot grew to be a man he was a sailor. Many times he visited far-away England, and he sailed many miles farther from Italy than he dreamed of when a boy.

After awhile he went to live in Bristol, England. When he came back there from a long voyage, he told his own little boys many true and wonderful stories of his travels. He called one of his sons Sebastian. When Sebastian Cabot became a man he, too, was a sailor.

The boys and girls who read this story know how great ships cross the oceans, and even sail around the world. But at that time the sailors were afraid to go far from land, because they believed the sea held dreadful monsters that would destroy them.

They thought also that the world is flat, and if they should venture too far out on the water, they would fall over the edge of the earth. But the sailors were growing bolder than they had been when John Cabot was a young man. Some had sailed out into the Atlantic Ocean as far as the Canary Islands, while others had sailed down the coast of Africa.

Some sailors had laughed at Columbus for saying that the world is round. They were listening now in wonder to the tales told of the great voyage he had made, and of the strange land and people he had found.

John Cabot and his son then implored King Henry to give them ships that they, too, might make the voyage. By and by King Henry consented to let them go in search of a shorter way to India than the one that Columbus had found. You remember Columbus did not know that he had discovered a new world, but thought that he had sailed around to Asia.

For many weeks John Cabot and his son sailed westward. One day in June, 1497, they came to the land we now call Cape Breton Island. They went ashore there and put up two flags.

The first was the flag of England, for they took possession of this land in the name of King Henry VII. The other was the flag of Venice. You see John Cabot had not forgotten the sunny home of his childhood in the land of Italy.

When they returned to England, they took some traps and arrows made by the Indians, to show the English people But they had not found the short way to India, as they had hoped to do.

The next year they sailed again to the new world. This time they coasted along the east-

ern shore of North America for hundreds of miles, but still they could not find the short passage to India for which they were looking. Nor did any one ever find it, though many bold sailors crossed the ocean in search of it.

England has never forgotten how faithful and true the Cabots were to the work they undertook to do. They were brave men, who are worthy to be remembered in common with the great Columbus. Their names are honored and loved by the English people even to this day.

PRONOUNCING REVIEW.

The long vowels in unaccented syllables represent sounds that are not so full and distinct as in accented syllables. The modified long vowel sounds are indicated by the *modified macron* in the words below:

dăm′ăġe	wĭn′dŏw	ĭ dē′å	nā′tūre
plūm′ăġe	shăd′ŏw	ŏ be*y*′	răp′tūre
eŏt′tăġe	fŏl′lŏw	ŏ blīġe′	pĭe′tūre
sûr′fâçe	hŏl′lŏw	dĕ çē*i*ved′	erē*a*′tūre
bĕ wâre′	wĭl′lŏw	bĕ l*ie*ved′	plĕaş′ūre
bĕ găn′	yĕl′lŏw	dĕ lī*gh*ts′	mĕaş′ūre
bĕ hīnd′	swạl′lŏw	mĭs′ch*ie*f voŭs	çĕn′tū rў
bĕ fōre′	bŏr′rŏw	pŏp′ū loŭs	Jăn′ū ā rў

Caution. — In pronouncing the words above, be careful to give vowels marked by the *modified macron* a long sound, but do not give them the full force that long vowels receive in accented syllables.

Greeçe	sĭm′plў	ĕn′ġĭneȿ	newȿ′pā pēr
Greeks	sĭm′plĕst	tĕm′pleȿ	tĕl′ē grȧph
rụde	plāin′ĕst	stăt′ūeȿ	pŏs′sĭ blў
săv′ăġe	făn′çĭeȿ	prĕ′çioŭs	ē lĕe′trĭe
wĕap′ȯn	făn′çĭed	ō blīġed′	grănd′chĭl drĕn

LXXVIII. THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

Far, far away from our own country, across wide seas and many strange lands, is a beautiful country called Greece. There the sky is bluer than our own; the winters are short and mild, and the summers long and pleasant.

In whatever direction you look in that land, you may see the top of some tall mountain reaching up toward the sky. Between the mountains lie beautiful deep valleys and small sunny plains, while almost all around the land stretches a bright blue sea.

The people who live in that country are called Greeks, and are not very different now from ourselves. But many centuries ago this was not true. In those long-ago days there were no newspapers, no railroads, no telegraph lines, such as we are used to now. The people were obliged to live very simply then, and did not have a great many things that we think we could not possibly do without.

But, although the old Greeks did not know anything of electric lights and steam engines, and ate the plainest food, and wore the simplest of woolen clothing, they were not at all a rude or savage people. In their cities were fine buildings, and pictures, and statues so beautiful that we can never hope to make better ones.

And they had lovely thoughts and fancies, too, for all the world about them. When they saw the sun rise, they thought that it was a great being called a god, who came up out of the sea in the east, and then journeyed across the sky toward the west.

When they saw the grass and flowers springing up out of the dark cold earth, they fancied that there must be another god who made them grow. They imagined that the lightning was the weapon of a mighty god, who ruled the earth and the sky.

And so they explained everything about them, by thinking that it was caused by some being much greater than themselves. Sometimes they imagined even that they could see their gods in the clouds, and sometimes they thought that they heard them speaking, in the rustling leaves of the forest.

The Greeks loved their gods, but feared them a little also. They tried to gain their good will by building beautiful marble temples in their honor, and by offering wine and meat and precious things to them.

They never grew tired of thinking and talking about their gods. So they made up many beautiful stories about them, which they told and retold, and which their children and grandchildren repeated after them for many hundreds of years.

—Mrs. Caroline H. Harding.

COMPOUND WORDS.

Such words as *birthday* and *plaything* are made by combining other words; they are called *compound* words.

Look through the last three lessons and copy all the compound words.

cūre	cŏn sŭlt′	ĕn′ē mĭeṣ	Spär′tȧ
lạwṣ	sē vēre′	cȯm′pȧ nĭeṣ	Spär′tanṣ
strĭet	trāin′ĭng	dē tēr′mĭned	Lȳ cûr′gŭs
bŏx′ĭng	sŭf′fēred	bâre′fo͝ot ĕd	ŏr′ȧ ele
pŭb′lĭc	wrĕs′tlĭng	ĕn coŭr′ȧġed	cŏn′quēr
cŏn fū′ṣion		Dĕl′phī	

LXXIX. BOYS AND GIRLS IN SPARTA.

When the Spartans came into the part of Greece where they built their city, they had many wars with the people round about them.

Once it happened that their king was a boy, and could not defend them; so everything fell into confusion, and the people suffered much from their enemies. Then they called upon the king's uncle, Lycurgus, to help them out of their trouble.

Now, Lycurgus saw that while it would be very easy to drive off their enemies once, the only way to cure the trouble so that they would not come back again was by making the Spartans better soldiers. So he drew up a set of laws which would do this.

Then he called the people together and explained the laws to them, and asked, "Will you agree to do what these laws demand?"

"Yes," shouted the Spartans, "we will."

Lycurgus made them promise that they would not change any of the laws until he came back from Delphi, where he was going to consult the oracle. The oracle at Delphi told him that Sparta would be free and happy as long as the people obeyed his laws.

When Lycurgus heard this, he determined never to go back home again; for he knew that the Spartans would obey the laws as long as he stayed away, but he was afraid if he went back, some of the people might want to change them. So all the rest of his life was spent far from the land he loved, and at last he died among strangers.

II.

It was wise in Lycurgus not to return to Sparta, for the laws which he had made were very severe. When a boy reached the age of seven years he was taken from his parents, and placed with the other boys of his age in a great public training house. There he lived until he became a man.

The life which the boys led was very hard. Summer and winter they had to go barefooted, with only a thin shirt for clothing. At night

they slept on beds of rushes which they had gathered from the river bed near by.

They had to do all the cooking and other work for themselves; and the food which was

given them was never as much as hungry, growing boys needed, so they were forced to hunt and fish to get food. They did not study books as you do; but they were taught running, wrestling, boxing, and the use of the spear and sword.

When the boys became men they left the training house, and were formed into soldier companies. But still they had to live together, eating at the same table and sleeping in the same building; and it was not until

they had become old men, and could no longer serve in war, that they were allowed to leave their companies and have homes of their own.

Thus the men of Sparta became strong in body, strict in their habits, and skillful in the use of weapons. They were able to conquer all their old enemies, and to make their city one of the most famous in the world.

But, you may ask, what did the girls do while the boys were put through this severe training? The girls were not taken away from their mothers as the boys were; but they, too, were trained in running, wrestling, and other sports, so they became the strongest and most beautiful women in all Greece.

Although they were not able to fight, they were just as brave as the men, and encouraged their brothers and sons in the wars. One brave Spartan mother had eight fine sons who were all killed in one terrible battle.

When the news was brought to her she shed no tears, but said only: "It is well. I bore them to die for Sparta, if there was need." Was she not as brave as the men who fought this battle?

—Mrs. Caroline H. Harding,
in "Stories of Greek Gods, Heroes, and Men."

dwĕlt	lĕġ′ĕndṣ	strĕngth	Swē′den
worst	nā′tiȯn	dū′tў	Nôr′wā*y*
āi*m*ed	thŭn′dēr	bōld′ĕst	Nôrs*e*′men
Thôr	ġī′ants	hăm′mĕr	Īç*e*′land
Ō′dĭn	măġ′ĭe	rāi*n*′bō*w*	Green′land

LXXX. THE NORSEMEN.

Every nation has had its myths and legends which parents told to their children for many years. They were told because, in olden days, people had no books or papers to read.

Far away in the northern part of Europe there lies a beautiful country. Not such a warm and sunny land as Greece with its bright blue sky and long and pleasant summers; but a land where the summers are short and the winters long and cold, and where the waves of the northern seas dash against rocky shores.

But for all that, Sweden and Norway and Denmark are beautiful countries. They have lovely bays and lakes, and great forests stretch over the mountain sides.

There was a time when the people who dwelt in these countries were called Norsemen or Northmen. Like the old Greeks, they had

many fancies about what they saw and heard in land and sea and sky.

They wondered who made the cold of winter and the heat of summer. When they

heard the thunder or saw the lightning flash across the sky, they asked one another what it meant, and who caused it to be.

By and by they came to believe that the sky itself was a great and lovely country into which they could not see. "In this great

sky-country," they said, "there are many wonderful castles; and in the castles live the gods who made and rule the whole earth and all its people."

Odin, or Woden, was the father of all the gods; he lived in one of these grand castles in the sky. It was in his honor that the fourth day of the week was called Wednesday, which means *Woden's day.*

In another wonderful castle lived Thor, Odin's oldest son. Thor was tall and strong; he was the god of thunder and heat. We find his name in Thursday, which really means *Thor's day.*

Thor was very strong, and indeed he needed all his strength. It was his duty to see that none of the giants who lived on the earth did harm to the people. The giants whom Thor counted as his worst enemies were the *frost* giants. These he fought bravely, and sooner or later conquered them.

When Thor left his castle to fight the giants, he drove a team of goats and took with him his magic hammer. With this wonderful hammer he could always hit whatever he aimed at, and then the hammer would return to his hand of its own accord.

The goats drew his car swiftly over the land, or through the air and water. When the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, the Norsemen said, "Thor is driving his car over the mountain tops."

They believed also that the rainbow, whose bright colors they saw in the sky, was the bridge over which Thor drove from his castle to the earth.

While the old Norsemen had many strange fancies about the world, they were brave and hardy men. They were fond of war, and much of their time was spent in fighting. They hunted wild beasts in the forest, caught fish in the deep sea, and sailed their vessels far away.

In their day they were the boldest sailors in the world. Their vessels were small, but in them they sailed across wide seas, and found new homes in other lands.

At an early day they went to the coast of England, and then found their way to Iceland and Greenland. Five hundred years before Columbus and the Cabots made their voyages, the hardy Norsemen had sailed along some parts of the northeast coast of North America.

swe*â*r	pī′*o*ŭs	pĕr mĭt′	Brä*h*′man
hŭsks	hĭn′dẽr	hī*gh*′nĕss	jăck′a̤l
wĕpt	a̤ bīd*e*′	ŭp lĭft′ĕd	ū′ṣū al
sŏbb*e*d	jŭs′tĭç*e*	dē̤ çĭ′ṣiȯn	pā′tiĕnç*e*
yärn	plē*a*d′ĕd	ȯn fūṣ′ĭng	

LXXXI. A STORY FROM INDIA.

I.

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out. When he failed, he growled and bit with rage.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. "Let me out of this cage, pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly. "You would eat me up if I did."

"Not I; I swear it!" said the tiger, with uplifted paw.

Now, while the tiger sobbed and wept, the Brahman took pity on him. At last he consented to open the door of the cage.

At once the tiger jumped out and seized the poor man. "What a fool you are!" cried the tiger. "What is to hinder me from

eating you now? After being caged so long I am very hungry."

In vain the poor Brahman pleaded for his life. All that he could gain was a promise from the tiger to abide by the decision of the first three things that he should lay the case before.

So the Brahman asked a fig tree what it thought of the justice of the tiger's action. The fig tree replied: "What have you to complain about? I give shade to all who pass by; but in return they pull off my leaves and break my branches. Don't complain; be a man!"

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, asked a buffalo that was turning a water wheel. The buffalo replied: "You are a fool to expect anything else. Look at me! I work hard; I should have the best of food, but they give me only husks to eat."

II.

On hearing the decision of the buffalo, the Brahman turned back. On his way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as sad as a fish out of water."

Then the Brahman told all that had happened. When the story was ended, the jackal shook his head and said: "How very confusing! It all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other. Take me to the cage; perhaps I can understand it better there."

Now the jackal is known in India as a sly, cunning fellow; but as the Brahman was in sore need of a friend, they went together to the cage.

"You have been away a long time!" growled the tiger, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner," thought the poor Brahman; "what a mild way he has of putting it. Give me five minutes," he pleaded, "so that I may lay the case before this jackal, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented. The Brahman went over the whole story again, and spun as long a yarn as possible. "Let me see," said the jackal, scratching his head. "How did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by —"

"Nothing of the sort!" broke in the tiger. "What a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Yes, of course," replied the jackal; "I

was in the cage, and you came by. No! no! that is not it either. Well, don't mind me; go on with the dinner, your highness, for I shall never understand it all."

"Yes, you *shall*," said the tiger, full of

rage at the jackal's lack of sense. "I will *make* you understand! Look here — I am the tiger —"

"Yes, your highness!"

"And there is the Brahman, and that is the cage —"

"Yes, your highness!"

"I was in the cage — do you understand?"

"Yes, but please, your highness, how did you get in?"

"How did I get in! Why, in the usual way, of course."

"Please don't be angry with me, your highness, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, jumped into the cage, and cried, "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" said the jackal, as he quickly shut the door. "And, if you will permit me to say so, I think you will stay there."

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dūe	slăm*m*ed	a mūs̲ed′	prŏ tĕst′ĕd
rŏmp	squē*a*led	ŭn lĕss′	dĭg′nĭ tў
chĕcks	rē s̲ĭst′	ăf fōrd′	ĕx ç̣īt′ĭng
dōz*e*d	mĭt′tĕns̲	ŭt′tē*r*ed	jū′bĭ lee
hū′mŏr	fā*i*nt′lў	seârç̣*e*′lў	sȯm′ẽr sa̤*u*lt
bŏx′ĕs̲	prĭck*e*d(t)	trī′ŭmph	busi′ness

LXXXII. HOW FRISK PAID HIS TAX.

I.

Tommy Jones had left school in bad humor. He had failed in his lessons, and had been obliged to stay and bring them up.

Spelling was always hard for him; besides,

he couldn't write very well. He thought the teacher ought to read his writing the way he meant, and not the way it looked. By the time he reached home he felt very much abused.

As the yard gate slammed behind him, Frisk came around the house, delighted to see him. He jumped up and twisted about and beat his tail on the ground in a way that Tommy couldn't resist.

What did Frisk care whether he spelled "many" with an "a" or an "e," or whether he could write at all. He was too good a friend to care for such trifles. Tommy laughed as he looked at him, and forgot his ill humor. He whistled for him to follow, and went toward the barn.

"Here, Frisk," he called, "I'll give you some work to do;" and, lifting up a pile of boards, he uttered the magic word "Rats!"

Tommy threw the boards around, and the rats squealed. The dog scratched and barked till Tommy couldn't tell whether at last Frisk caught the rats and killed them, or whether he scared them to death and shook them afterward.

"Hasn't Tommy come home from school

yet?" asked Mrs. Jones, as his sister Nellie came into the room.

"I think he has," she answered, "for I heard Frisk barking in the barn."

When Tommy came in to supper he was in the best of humor. He and Frisk had been very successful. The next morning Tommy awakened in what seemed to be another world. The snowflakes were falling softly, and the branches of the trees and bushes were bending under their burdens.

There were no paths anywhere. He raised the window and looked out. There was Frisk standing in the barn door. He whistled to him, and the dog started out. But he sank down in the soft snow, and then turned back to the barn.

Tommy hurried downstairs to sweep the paths. He put on his rubber boots and mittens, and worked until breakfast time.

Frisk came out to see him, and they had a romp in the snow. Tommy came into the house very hungry. Frisk followed at his heels, and curled up on the cushion behind the stove.

Mr. Jones looked up from the paper he had been reading. He had been out of work

for a month, for the mill where he had been employed had stopped running. He looked discouraged and out of heart. He turned to his wife as she came into the sitting room from the kitchen.

"It will not be long until our taxes are due," he said, "and I don't know how we're to pay them unless I get work. I see by the paper that the tax on dogs is raised, and those without checks are to be killed. I don't like to lose Frisk, but I can't afford to pay tax on him," and he went on with his reading.

II.

Tommy looked toward Frisk and turned pale. It had never before occurred to him that anything could part them. When he came to the table he could scarcely eat his breakfast. His mother noticed it.

"Did you get cold sweeping your paths?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered Tommy, faintly.

"Why, mamma," said Nellie, "he is sick; look at him." But Tommy protested that nothing was the matter.

As soon as breakfast was over he hurried out to the barn and sat down on a pile of hay

to think. There was nothing he was not willing to do to earn the money for the tax.

He might sweep paths if he did not have to go to school, but some one else would have done them before evening. He remembered how easy it was for boys in stories to earn money. He went back to the house to get his books. His mother saw there was something the matter.

"What is the trouble, Tommy?" she asked kindly.

"I want to earn some money," said Tommy, "but I don't know how to do it."

"For Frisk?" asked his mother.

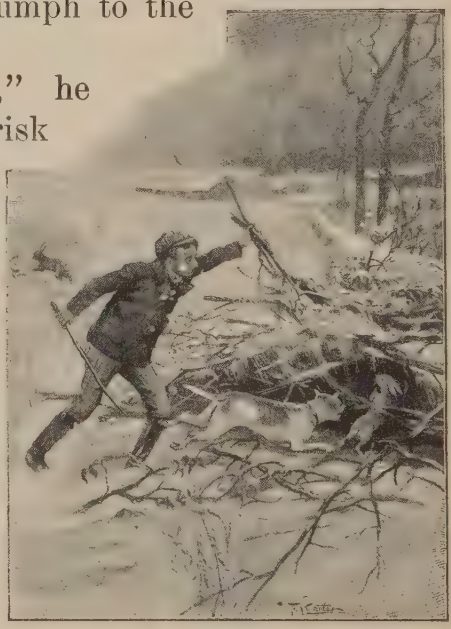
"Yes," said Tommy, looking away.

His mother followed him to the door and kissed him good-by. "There are three weeks yet, Tommy," she said. "Perhaps we can think of something by that time."

When Tommy came home in the evening he found Frisk as cheerful as ever. Frisk had no fear of the tax. They started out to the woodhouse together, and, as they reached the corner of the house Frisk noticed some tracks and ran off across the snow.

"Rabbit tracks!" said Tommy, dashing after him.

The dog stopped before a pile of brush and began barking. Tommy raised the pile, and, sure enough, there were two rabbits. One got away; but Frisk caught the other, and Tommy brought it in triumph to the house.



"See, mother," he cried, "what Frisk caught! We'll have it for breakfast, won't we?"

His mother smiled, for an idea came into her head. "Take it out and dress it," she said. Tommy soon returned with the rabbit and laid it on the table.

"You may put on your overcoat now, Tommy," she said, "and take it to the meat shop. It's Frisk's rabbit, and it may help to pay his tax." Tommy's face fairly shone. "I'm so glad I told you!" he said. And away he ran with Frisk barking at his heels.

In a few minutes he was back with ten cents in his pocket. He found a box, and made a slit in the top. "This is Frisk's bank," he said, "I'll put it on the mantel."

He went out to hunt again, but found no more that night. The next evening, however, he caught two more, for the snow was still deep and they could not run well. By Saturday there was a dollar in Frisk's bank. Then the snow began to melt rapidly. By Tuesday it had all gone.

III.

Frisk and Tommy went hunting every evening after school, but since the snow was gone their good fortune seemed to fail them. The tax must now be paid in three days. Tommy felt discouraged, but it was not so with Frisk.

"I wish he could find some more rabbits," said Tommy to his mother. "Frisk doesn't even know what's going to happen if he shouldn't, and I can't make him understand."

That evening Tommy's Uncle John came over. He lived on a farm half a mile away.

"I would have plenty of good corn to last all winter," he was saying, "if the rats would let it alone; but it looks as if they would

destroy fully one half of it. And they're too sly to be caught in traps."

At the word "rats" Frisk pricked up his ears and barked, and everybody laughed.

Then Tommy felt sure that he knew what Frisk wanted to say, if he could only speak. "Uncle John," he said, "what would you be willing to pay Frisk for catching your rats?"

His uncle smiled. "Well, I see you have an eye for business," he said. "I'll give him a cent apiece. That would pay me better than having my corn eaten up."

Tommy's face brightened. "We'll be out to-morrow," he said. And he went round and sat down on the cushion with Frisk, and stroked his ears, while the dog dozed off to sleep with his head on the boy's knee.

The next day Tommy and Frisk went out to the farm, and they had a very exciting time. The rats had been having everything their own way, and they were amazed at the change. The dog was worse than any trap they had ever seen, for he didn't wait for them to come near him.

At the end of the second day Frisk had earned the rest of the money. Tommy took

down Frisk's bank, and he and his mother counted the money.

"Come, Frisk," he called, "we're going to buy your check." And he turned a somersault, while Frisk joined in the jubilee.

That evening the dog came into the kitchen with a check hanging from his collar. Mr. Jones was sitting by the fire. He noticed it, and turned toward Tommy in surprise.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"We bought it," said Tommy, sturdily; "Frisk and I."

"Why, Tommy," he said, smiling, for he was very glad to keep Frisk, "how did you earn the money?"

"I didn't earn it at all," said Tommy with dignity. "Frisk earned every cent of it himself, catching rabbits and rats."

—Harriet E. Foulke.

PRONOUNCING REVIEW.

In many unaccented syllables, *a* and *e*, standing before *l* or *n*, represent somewhat obscure sounds, as in:

rē′al	wọm′an	prĕṣ′ent	thou′ṣand
fī′nal	Sŭl′tan	mō′ment	ġĕn′tle man
mŏr′al	dĭs′tant	rĕġ′ĭ ment	ĭm pôr′tant
mĕt′al	dĭs′tanc*e*	dĭf′fĕr ent	ū′ṣŭ al
pĕt′al	sŭb′stanc*e*	Prĕṣ′ĭ dent	sĕv′ ĕr al
ē′qual	plĕa*ṣ*′ant	ôr′nȧ ment	cŏm′ĭc al

whīlst	rŭsh′ĕş	găl′lop	Därk′ĭe
nē*igh*	tĕm′pĕr	whĭn′nĭed	Dŭch′ĕss
lē*an*ed	ăd vīç*e*′	dā*y*′tīm*e*	frē′quent lў
steep	eăr′rŏt	rō*a*d′sīd*e*	fā′vŏr ĭtes
shād′ў	lŏ*dg*′ĭng	ō vĕr hŭng′	ăt tĕn′tiŏn

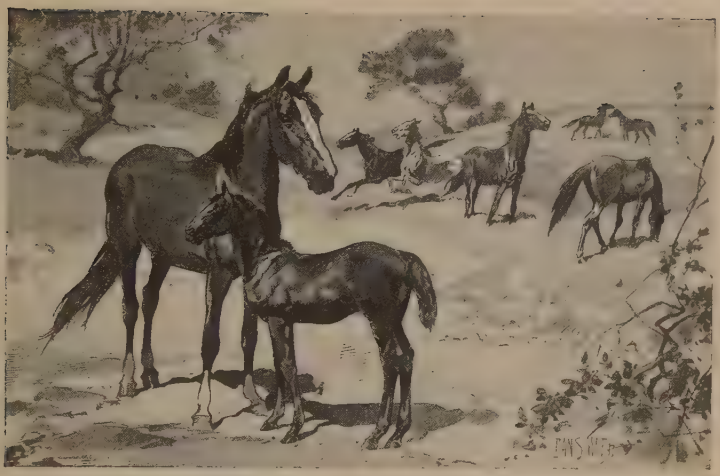
LXXXIII. BLACK BEAUTY'S EARLY HOME.

Note. — "Black Beauty" is the title of a book by Anna Sewell. The story is supposed to be told by a horse.

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end.

Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove



As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. We used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said, "I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you.

Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite.

"I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways. Do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?"

I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

—Anna Sewell, in "Black Beauty."

grō*a*n gŏs′sĭp stū′dents mĭn′ĭs tẽr
fū′ĕl dē′çent plŏd′dĕd quạn′tĭ tĭe̱s̱
ŏx′*e*n fee′bl*e* ĭn el*i*n*e*d′ ŏb jĕct′ĭng
hāt′ĕd sĭn çēr*e*′ bĭt′tẽr lў̆ nĕg lĕct′ĕd
sĕx′tȯn ẽ*a*rn′ĭng̱s̱ prȯ̆ pō̱s̱′al nĕç′ĕs sȧ̆ rў̆
frŏl′ĭck*e*d (t) ĭn′tẽr ĕst ĕd se*h*o͞ol′mȧs tẽr
e*o*n dĭ′tiȯn făs′çĭ nā tĭng New Hămp′shir*e*
anx′ious (ăn̲k′shŭs) r*he*ụ′mȧ tĭs̱m

LXXXIV. ONE OF MRS. JO'S STORIES.

I.

James Snow and his mother lived in a little house up in New Hampshire. They were poor, and James had to work to help his mother; but he loved books so well he hated work, and just wanted to sit and study all day long.

"How could he! I hate books, and like work," said Dan, objecting to James at the very outset.

"It takes all sorts of people to make a world; workers and students, both are needed, and there is room for all. But I think the workers should study some, and the students should know how to work if necessary," answered Mrs. Jo.

"I'm sure I do work," and Demi showed three small hard spots in his little palm, with pride.

"And I'm sure I study," added Dan, nodding with a groan toward the blackboard full of neat figures.

See what James did. He did not mean to be selfish, but his mother was proud of him, and let him do as he liked, working away by herself that he might have books and time to read.

One autumn James wanted to go to school, and went to the minister to see if he would help him about decent clothes and books. Now the minister had heard the gossip about James's idleness, and was not inclined to do much for him, thinking that a boy who neglected his mother and let her slave for him was not likely to do very well, even at school.

But the good man felt more interested when he found how earnest James was, and, being rather an odd man, he made this proposal to the boy, to try how sincere he was.

"I will give you clothes and books on one condition, James."

"What is that, sir?" and the boy brightened up at once.

"You are to keep your mother's wood box full all winter long, and do it yourself. If you fail, school stops." James laughed at the queer condition and readily agreed to it, thinking it a very easy one.

II.

He began school, and for a time got on capitally with the wood box, for it was autumn, and chips and brushwood were plentiful. He ran out morning and evening, and got a basket full, or chopped up the catsticks for the little cooking stove, and, as his mother was careful and saving, the task was not hard.

But in November the frost came, the days were dull and cold, and wood went fast. His mother bought a load with her own earnings, but it seemed to melt away, and was nearly gone before James remembered that he was to get the next. Mrs. Snow was feeble and lame with rheumatism, and unable to work as she had done, so James had to put down his books and see what he could do.

It was hard, for he was going on well, and so interested in his lessons that he hated to stop except for food and sleep. But he knew the minister would keep his word, and, much

against his will, James set about earning money in his spare hours, lest the wood box should get empty.

He did all sorts of things, — ran errands, took care of a neighbor's cow, helped the old sexton dust and warm the church on Sundays, and, in these ways, got enough to buy fuel in small quantities.

But it was hard work; the days were short, the winter was bitterly cold, the precious time went fast, and the dear books were so fascinating that it was sad to leave them for dull duties that never seemed done.

III.

The minister watched him quietly, and, seeing that he was in earnest, helped him without his knowledge. He met him often driving the wood sleds from the forest, where the men were chopping, and, as James plodded beside the slow oxen, he read or studied, anxious to use every minute.

"The boy is worth helping; this lesson will do him good, and, when he has learned it, I will give him an easier one," said the minister to himself, and, on Christmas eve, a splendid load of wood was quietly dropped at the

door of the little house, with a new saw and a bit of paper, saying only —

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Poor James expected nothing; but when he awoke on that cold Christmas morning, he

found a pair of warm mittens, knit by his mother, with her stiff, painful fingers. This gift pleased him very much, but her kiss and tender look as she called him her "good son" were better still.

In trying to keep her warm, he had warmed his own heart, you see, and in filling the wood box he had also filled those months with duties faithfully done. He began to see

this, to feel that there was something better than books, and to try to learn the lessons God set him, as well as those his schoolmaster gave.

When he saw the great pile of oak and pine logs at his door, and read the little paper, he knew who sent it, and understood the minister's plan; thanked him for it, and fell to work with all his might.

Other boys frolicked that day, but James sawed wood, and I think of all the lads in the town the happiest was the one in the new mittens who whistled like a blackbird as he filled his mother's wood box.

— From "Little Men."

Note. — "Little Men" and "Little Women" are titles of two famous books for young people. The name of their author, Louisa M. Alcott, is dear to all the boys and girls who have read them.

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*w*rĕck	drĕss*e*d(t)	dā*y*′lī*gh*t	ȧ wāk′*e*n*e*d
pĭ*t*ch	rĭsk*e*d(t)	lī*gh*t′hous*e*	ġĕn′ū ĭn*e*
glē*a*m	elĭng′ĭng	ī*s*′land*s*	hĕr′ō ĭn*e*

LXXXV. THE STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

One wild, stormy night, Grace Darling lay in her little room in a lighthouse on the north-east coast of England. The wind, and the

waves dashing against the rocks, had awakened her, and she could not go to sleep again.

She thought of the ships and the sailors out on the wild sea. Then she thought of the women and children who were waiting and watching so anxiously for them at home.

Suddenly she thought she heard a cry. She listened. Yes, surely that was a cry for help. She sprang out of bed and ran to her father's room. "O father, father!" she cried; "Wake up! There's a wreck on one of the islands, and I hear people calling for help."

Mr. Darling dressed as fast as he could, and Grace did so, too. Oh! how her fingers trembled; it seemed to her she never could get dressed.

But when she heard her father open the door she was ready, and they went out together. It was pitch dark, and they could see nothing and hear nothing but the noise of the wild storm.

"We'll have to wait for the daylight," said Mr. Darling. So back to the little house they went. Did you ever have to sit still and wait before you could do something you wanted very, very much to do? Then you know how Grace Darling felt while she waited that night.

"Will daylight never come?" she thought. It came at last. She saw in the east a faint gleam of light, and knew that day was near. Then she ran out upon the rocks with her father.

Now they could plainly see the wreck on Longstone Island, and, when they looked through Mr. Darling's glass, they could see people clinging to the wreck.

"O father! can't we help them? Can't we go to them, father?"

Mr. Darling looked at the great waves dashing against the rocks, and shook his head. "Our boat could not live in such a sea as this. God help them, poor souls!"

"Father, I can't stand here and see them die; I must try to save them." She ran to the boat, jumped into it, and got the oars ready.

"I can't let her go alone," thought Mr. Darling; so he got in beside her, and taking the oars, they rowed with all their might toward the wreck.

You will never know how glad the poor people on the wreck were when they saw them coming, until you have been in as great danger.

Some of them were so faint and weak they were ready to let go their hold and drop into the cruel sea. But when they caught sight of the little boat coming, new courage came to them, and they held on a little longer.

How anxiously they watched the boat! Sometimes it seemed as though the hungry waves would surely swallow it, and then they implored God to take care of it, and save them.

It reached them at last, and, one by one, nine persons were taken from the wreck and carried to the lighthouse, where they were fed and taken care of by Grace.

No wonder that England soon rang with the name of Grace Darling. She was a genuine heroine, — she risked her life to save others.

nō′tiȯn ȩow′ärd shăd′ȯw ăr′rant
nûrs′ĭe, *a child's word for nurse.*

LXXXVI. MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;
I'd think shame! to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast
asleep in bed.

NOTE. — This poem is from "A Child's Garden of Verses," a charming little book of poetry by Robert Louis Stevenson.

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fādeṣ	dĭs tĭll′	rĭp′ple	pär′trĭdġe
hŭsh	slŭm′bẽrṣ	crouched(t)	pŏp′pĭeṣ
′nēath	breez′ĕṣ	răp′tūre	joûr′neẏed

brāke, *a thicket.*

LXXXVII. GOOD NIGHT.

Now fades the sun, and one by one
The stars gleam soft and fair;
No robin sings, no swallow wings
Its eager flight in air.

But only silent dews distill,
To fall in fairy rain;
And only whispering breezes thrill
The hush of grove and plain.

The lily slumbers on the lake,
Where not a ripple stirs;
The hare lies crouched amid the brake,
The partridge 'neath the firs.

And down the lawn the roses droop
Their crimson and their snow;
And poppies hide their scarlet pride
And wait the hour to blow.

Good night! good night! the moon will light
The east before the dawn,
And stars arise to gem the skies
Where these have journeyed on.

Good night! and sweetest dreams be thine
Through all their shining way,
Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
With rapture greet the day.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

ĕlf bärġe pûr′ple mo͞o͞r′ĭngs̱
fā*y*s̱ strănd sŏm′bĕr ɛlăm′bĕr
*g*nōmes̱ shō*a*ls̱ r*h*ў̆th′mĭc nī*gh*t′mâr*e*
ärch brown′ĭes̱ frā′grant shăl′lō*w*s̱
prow drow′s̱ў̆ ĕn tr*a*nçed′(t) ɛrŭm′blĭng
quay(kē), *wharf.* īsles̱, *islands.* trīçe, *moment.*

LXXXVIII. THE BARGE OF DREAMS.

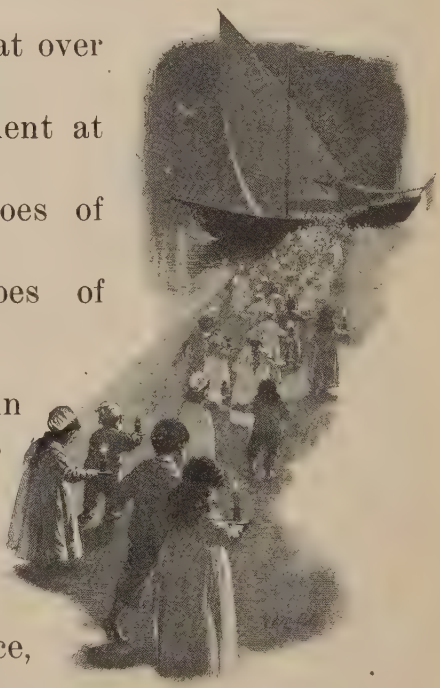
Oh, were you ever in Drowsy Town,
Just when the lights were dropping down
And the fairies' lamps were blazing high, —
Did e'er you happen to wander by?

And did you follow the beaten way,
In through the gates at the close of day,
And down to the quay, where twinkling gleams
Show at her moorings the Barge of Dreams?

The children clamber over her sides
As lazily she at anchor rides,
Until, with a slow and rhythmic sweep,
She moves adown the River of Sleep.

Now, the River of Sleep, you understand,
Runs through the region of Starry Land,
Where oft the brownies and fays and gnomes
Are wandering far from their rightful homes.

Sometimes, a mischievous elf will strand
The boat on the shoals of Nightmare Land,
Where goblins lurk in the hollow trees,
And bats sail by on the somber breeze.



Sometimes they float over purple miles,
And touch a moment at fragrant isles,
Entranced by echoes of music sweet,
And distant echoes of dancing feet.

And oft they drift in the white moon's track,
With never a notion of turning back;
When, all in a trice, the lighted quay
And towers of the Drowsy Town, they see.

Home from their trip into Starry Land,
Safe from the shallows of Nightmare Land,
All in the care of their Captain Rest,
Float they home on the river's breast.

Under the arch of the Rainbow Gleams,
The merry crowd on the Barge of Dreams,
Over the misty waters sweep
Home from the isles in the River of Sleep.

But haste ashore is the order now,
Scramble out over stern or prow,
And up through the streets of Drowsy Town
Quick, ere the castle walls are down!

For the restful shadows, dark and sweet,
Are chased by the sunbeams' flying feet;
The Day appears with its pomp and din,
And the walls of the city are crumbling in.

—Caroline Shaw Rice, in "The State."

LXXXIX. THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

There are many flags in other lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there's not a flag, however grand,
  Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I know where the prettiest colors are,
  And I'm sure, if I only knew
How to bring them here, I could make a flag
  Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

I would cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Then I'd take a part of a fleecy cloud,
And some red from rainbow bright,
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
"The Red, the White, and the Blue."

Then hurrah for the flag! our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There's not a flag in other lands
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

---

vīe vīle nạught wrôught vĭṣ'ăġe

XC. LINES TO MEMORIZE.

TRUTH.

Truth is a gem so bright
That naught with it can vie.
That which but *looks* like truth
Is but a vile, dull lie.

Time is the sand of life;
And when we waste a grain
And wish to get it back, —
We can but wish in vain.

Do not look for wrong and evil, —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

— Alice Cary.

Life is no dream or thing of naught.
But know you this, that life is *thought*,
And to live is not life, if naught is wrought.

I would not enter in my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— Cowper.

răn̲k	lī′ăr	snēak′ĭng	trụ′lў
cl*ēa*ve	cl*ĕv*′ĕr	pĭt′ĭ fụl	rē fīned′

*k*nāve, *rascal.* mi*ē*n, *manner.* rụs̲′ĕs̲, *tricks.*

XCI. GOOD ADVICE.

Whatever you are, be brave;
The liar's a coward and slave,
  Though clever at ruses
  And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave.

Whatever you are, be frank, —
'Tis better than money and rank;
  Still cleave to the right,
  Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank.

Whatever you are, be kind;
Be gentle in manners and mind;
  The man gentle in mien,
  Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined.

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote
The brave, bold words another wrote;
But he who rank and file would lead,
Should prove his courage by his deed.

heed splăsh erăsh trāçe strīfe

XCII. THE ART OF SPEECH.

Use your teeth, lips, and tongue,
And breath in such a way
That those who hear you speak
May know, too, what you say.
Heed well this rhyme, for it will teach,
In simple words, the Art of Speech.

THE SEA.

I love the sea, I love the sea!
Where the air is pure, and the waves are free.
They curl and dash and foam and splash,
And break on the shore with a loud, wild crash.
I stand on the beach and am full of glee,
As I watch the waves on the clear, blue sea.

THE SKY.

I love to gaze on the clear, blue sky,
And oft I wish for wings to fly
To that far, fair, and lovely space,
The bounds of which no eye can trace.
It is a joy to turn one's eye
From the world of strife to the calm, blue sky.

bûrsts sē*a*rch nŏŏk fō*u*r′-lē*a*f

XCIII. THE CLOVER SONG.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry bloom bursts with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for Hope, and one is for Faith,
And one is for Love, you know;
And God put another one in for Luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have Hope, and you must have Faith;
And you must love and be strong, and so —
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

— Ella Higginson.

FOR STUDY.

What is meant by "the cherry bloom"?

Does the cherry bloom actually "burst with snow"?

What is a nook? Where is "the loveliest nook," spoken of in the lesson? What grow there?

Have you ever found a four-leaf clover? Of what is it considered the sign? For what does each of its leaves stand? What lesson does this poem teach?

flo͝odṣ	hō′lў	thêre ŏf′	săl vā′tiȯn
hōsts	ȧ rīṣe′	slŭm′bẽr	ĕs tăb′lĭshed(t)
smīte	ăs çĕnd′	văn′ĭ tў	dẽ çēit′fụl lў
ē′vil	Ĭṣ′rā ĕl	bẽ lȯv′ĕd	ĕv ẽr lȧst′ĭng

yē, *you.* yeā, *indeed.*

right eous ness (rī′chŭs nĕss)

XCIV. SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

—PSALM 24.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
He shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

—Psalm 121.

THE SPRINGTIME.

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

—Song of Songs, II. 10–13.

TOPICAL WORD REVIEW.

TERMS USED IN GEOGRAPHY.

măp	soil	sûr'fāçe	eŏm'mĕrçe
glōbe	rŏcks	çĭr'cle	rā'il'rōad
world	mīneṣ	sĕe'tiŏn	tĕl'ĕ gråph
ẽarth	eōal	eôm'pass	çĭt'ĭeṣ
hēat	mĕt'alṣ	ăre'tĭe	eoŭn'trĭeṣ

CONTINENTS.

Eū'rôpe	Ăf'rĭ eȧ	Nôrth Ȧ mĕr'ĭ eȧ
Ā'si ȧ	Aus trā'lĭ ȧ	South Ȧ mĕr'ĭ eȧ

AMERICAN CITIES AND STATES.

New Yôrk City	Kăn'sas	€ŏl ō rā'dō
Çhĭ eạ'gō	Ne brăs'kȧ	€ăl ĭ fôr'nĭ ȧ
Phĭl ȧ dĕl'phĭ ȧ	Ŏr'ĕ gŏn	New Hămp'shĭre
Sāint Lou'ĭs	Wĭs eŏn'sĭn	Wạsh'ĭng tòn

FOREIGN CITIES, COUNTRIES, AND PEOPLES.

Lôn'dòn	Vĕn'içe	St. Pē'tĕrṣ bûrg
Rōme	€ō pen hā'gen	Pŏm pe'ii (-pā'yĕ)

Greeçe	Greeks	Ġĕr'man ў	Ġĕr'manṣ
Spāin	Spăn'iärdṣ	Nôr'way	Nŏr wē'ġĭ anṣ
Swē'den	Swēdeṣ	Ĭt'a lў	Ĭ tăl'ianṣ
Dĕn'märk	Dāneṣ	Ȧ rā'bĭ ȧ	Ăr'abṣ
Eng'land	Eng'lish	Rŭs'sia	Rŭs'sianṣ
Chī'nȧ	Chī nēṣe'	Ē'ġўpt	Ē ġўp'tianṣ
Jȧ păn'	Jăp ȧ nēṣe'	Green'land	Ĕs'kĭ mô

FORMS OF WATER.

īçe	frŏst	stēam	vā′pŏr
hāil	snō*w*	cloudş	mois′tūre

BODIES OF WATER.

sprĭng	pŏnd	sē*a*	sound
brŏŏk	lāke	bā*y*	här′bŏr
creek	rĭv′ĕr	gŭlf	ō′cean

ON THE LAND.

plā*i*n	hĭll	moun′ta*i*n	ôr′chărd
prā*i*′rĭe	färm	vŏl cā′nō	gär′den
văl′leў	fi*e*ld	pē*a*k	fŏr′ĕst
īs′land	glĕn	rĭd*g*e	dĕş′ĕrt

FARM PRODUCTS.

rў*e*	pē*a*şe	flăx	eŏt′to*n*
ō*a*ts	bē*a*nş	elō′vĕr	tŏ băc′eō
eôrn	whē*a*t	tĭm′ō thў	brŏŏm′eôrn
rīçe	bär′leў	ăl făl′fa	sug′ăr eāne

TREES OF THE FOREST.

fĭr	beech	chĕs*t*′nŭt	hĭck′ō rў
ĕlm	mā′ple	hĕm′lŏck	bŭt′tĕr nŭt
pīne	wĭl′lō*w*	pŏp′lăr	eŏt′to*n* wŏŏd
lärch	wal′nŭt	çē′dăr	sўe′a mō*r*e

ANIMALS.

Quadrupeds.		*Birds.*	*Insects.*
wolf	lī′on	rŏŏk	*g*năt
beâr	tī′gĕr	pĭg′eon	spī′dĕr
stăg	lĕop′ărd	swal′lō*w*	erĭck′ĕt
eăm′ĕl	bŭf′fa lō	pär′trĭd*g*e	bŭt′tĕr flў
jăck′al	ĕl′ĕ phant	ea nā′rў	gräss′hŏp pĕr

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

In selecting material for The Progressive Course in Reading, Third Book, some extracts were made from books that are great favorites with children. The attention of teachers and school officers is directed to the authors and titles of these books, with the hope that they may provide the means for relating the regular work of the class room to the pupil's *supplemental* reading. Since the pupil has been introduced to these books, it is confidently believed that he will be interested in reading them for himself, and in order that he may do so, it is suggested that some of them should find a place in every SCHOOL LIBRARY.

TITLES	AUTHORS
CHOICE LITERATURE, Primary	*Selected by* Sherman Williams.
LETTERS FROM A CAT	Helen Hunt Jackson.
LITTLE-FOLK LYRICS	Frank Dempster Sherman.
POEMS	Alice Cary.
FABLES	Æsop.
AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND,	George MacDonald.
HOUSEHOLD TALES	Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
NATURE MYTHS AND STORIES	Flora J. Cooke.
STORIES AND TALES	Hans Christian Andersen.
GREEK GODS, HEROES, AND MEN	Caroline H. Harding.
BLACK BEAUTY	Anna Sewell.
LITTLE MEN	Louisa M. Alcott.
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES	Robert Louis Stevenson.